BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST
1948

WARREN ARMSTRONG
GARNETT RADCLIFFE
HOLLOWAY HORN
JANE GORDON
"Historical Romances" by JACK MATTHEW

2/-

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Shall I tell them, Mr. Barratt?

I know some girls who are going to be mighty jealous when they see these delicious little shoes on my feet. Shall I be a meanie, Mr. Barratt — and not tell them where I got them? Or shall I be big-hearted, and say — *Barratts!*

walk the **Barratt** *way*

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 37 No. 2 AUGUST, 1948

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired, out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

CONTENTS

Cover Design by *Critchlow*

Articles

Cloak and Dagger Again
by *C. Patrick Thompson* 13 and 52

The Gipsies of Britain
by *Garth Christian* 14–15 and 54

Soldiers of Fortune
by *Warren Armstrong* 16 and 56

Very Odd Men Out
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 20 and 62

Historical Romances XVII
Lady of the Camellias
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrations
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24

The Wonderland of Nature 25

An Old English Town
by *Reece Winston* 29 and 61

General

Books :
Reviewed by *Trevor Allen* 41 and 68

Home Section

It's a Pleasure 33

Non-Priority Furnishing
by *Winifred Lewis* 34–35

Knitting :
"The Look" in Wool 36 and 66
Striped and Ruched 36 and 66
Dress :
Briefed for Beaches 37

But is There a Future In It?
by *Rosemary Lock* 38, 39 and 62

What Is Your Mileage?
by *Len Chaloner* 40 and 66

In Search Of Glamour
by *Jane Gordon* 42 and 68

What Would You Do? 43 and 61

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Twelve Good Habits 44
Health From The Garden 45

Cookery :
by *Harriet Muir*
Tinned But Tasty 46–47
Cakes That Keep 46–47

It's In The Bag 48

Stories

Ladies First
by *Ralph Arnold*
Illustrations
by *Frank Lea* 9–12 and 51

Incident At Lydda
by *Michael Hastings*
Illustrations
by *Albert Bailey* 17–19 and 56

Breakfast For Three
by *Holloway Horn*
Illustrations
by *Jack Faulks* 26–28 and 64

The Curse Of Fort Kutan
by *Garnett Ratcliffe*
Illustrations
by *Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.* 30–32

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d

GALA says you must

tone lips to clothes

There's a GALA of LONDON lip-colour for every fashion shade

Gala OF LONDON

SEE ALL THE GALA LIPSTICK SHADES AT THE GALA SHOP
48-49 BURLINGTON ARCADE, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

A WEEKLY 'DO' WITH THAWPIT GIVES FRESH LIFE TO YOUR CLOTHES

When clothes look drab, it is because they have absorbed the tiny specks of dirt that float in the air. Don't let them get like it. Go over them regularly with Thawpit, especially collars, cuffs and waist-fronts, and they'll stay smart. 1/3 a bottle. Non-inflammable.

THE ELDEST OF THE "THAWPIT DAILY HELPS"

SOME MORE OF THE THAWPIT DAILY HELPS

THORPES for the Heavy Wash
Thorpes SPECIAL for Woollens
Thorpes ESS for Smalls
Thorpes CEE for Carpets and Upholstery

MORRIS PERFORMANCE APPEALS THE WORLD OVER

On the CONTINENT
they're saying . . .

★ *We keenly regret the present disheartening delays in executing Home Orders. Meanwhile, world-wide sales of Morris cars are making a striking contribution to the National Exchequer and hastening the day when a larger proportion of our productions will become available for users at home.*

"I'm going to have a MORRIS"

A NUFFIELD PRODUCT

Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford. Export: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.

C-43

KARDOMAH

FOR

COFFEE

On which side of the fence are you?

THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN are striving hard to re-establish the security they lost in war and build for their children a bulwark against such perils as were then endured.

The job is only half done.

FOR SOME TIME YET it will demand from us all resolution and self-discipline, hard work and hard saving.

MOST OF US ARE DETERMINED to see it through. Some have reached a point where they want to slack off and enjoy themselves even at the risk of spoiling the job. They've stopped saving and started spending.

On which side of the fence are you?

ISSUED BY THE NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE

White teeth gleaming against a Summer tan—that attractive *magnesia smile*! Every time you clean your teeth, mouth acidity is neutralized by "Milk of Magnesia"—contained only in Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Phillips'
DENTAL MAGNESIA
REGD
Toothpaste
1/4 per tube · extra large 2/3

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

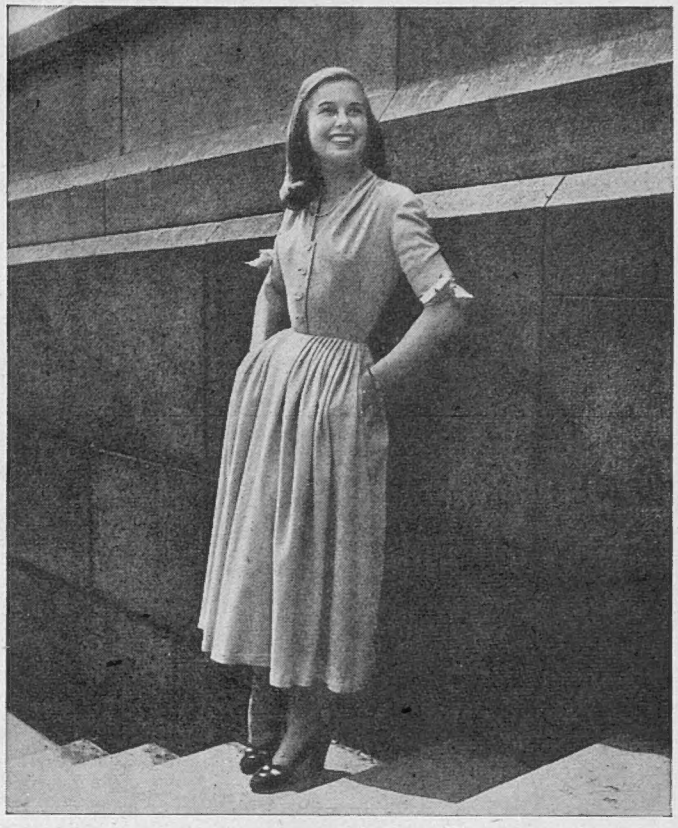
Nothing's too good for them!

You waited so long for just this very pair! Now is the time to remember that only Propert's is good enough for them. Nothing else will keep them new as long.

Propert's SHOE CREAM

DORVILLE

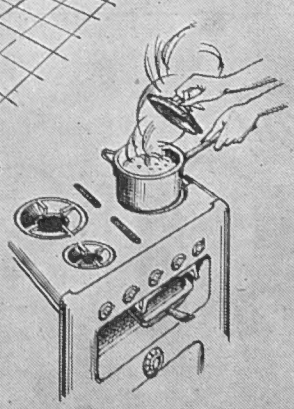
Fine wool dress from the Dorville autumn collection
Obtainable from most fine stores



HANDSOME IS *and* HANDSOME DOES—

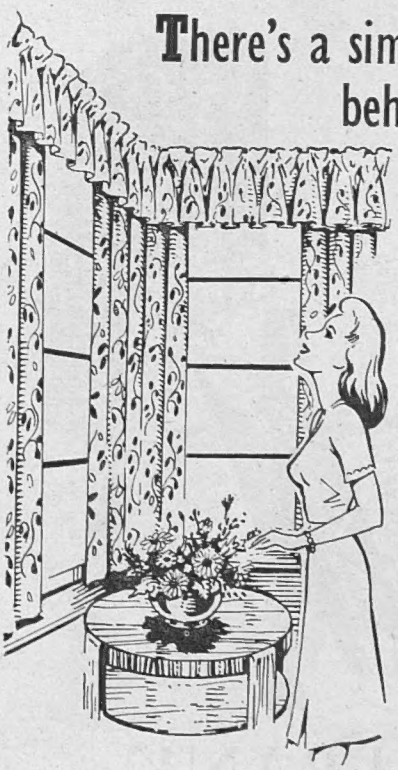
THAT'S THE GAS IDEA!

The new gas cookers are simple and clean in design— and are designed to be simple to clean!



BRITISH GAS COUNCIL · 1 GROSVENOR PLACE · SW1

There's a simple secret behind her curtains



The curtain material was her own lucky find but she took no chances when making them. "Rufflette" tape gives her curtains their deep even pleats, and makes them so easy to drape and launder. Remember that with "Rufflette" tape no stitching of hooks or rings is needed—no wonder "Rufflette" brand tape is the secret of *all* lovely curtains.

'Rufflette' BRAND

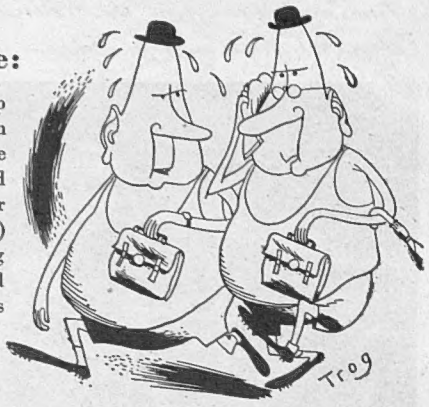
CURTAIN TAPE also Hooks and Rings

★ *And don't forget curtains TRAVEL best on 'RUFFLETTE' EASY FIXING CURTAIN RAIL!*
THOMAS FRENCH & SONS, LTD., *Manchester, Wythenshawe, London & Fall River, Mass., U.S.A.*

JAMAICA JO'S MORNING MAIL.....No. 2

Two tired business men write:

"The early morning gallop for the 9.44 is becoming an increasing strain. We have lost the old zip and zing and our spiked shoes (used for trampling on competitors) now hurt our feet something cruel. Do you recommend that we stop being business men and just be tired?"



Jamaica Jo says:

"Positively no. It is an established fact that in 1661 pirates who were getting slow on the snatch regained their former speed by means of Jamaica Rum. A tot at the end of the day's work, straight or cunningly blended with all sorts of cordials or whatnot, will put you back into the front rank of business piracy. It will also put you back into the front coach of the 9.44."

"It's wonderful what JAMAICA RUM will do!"

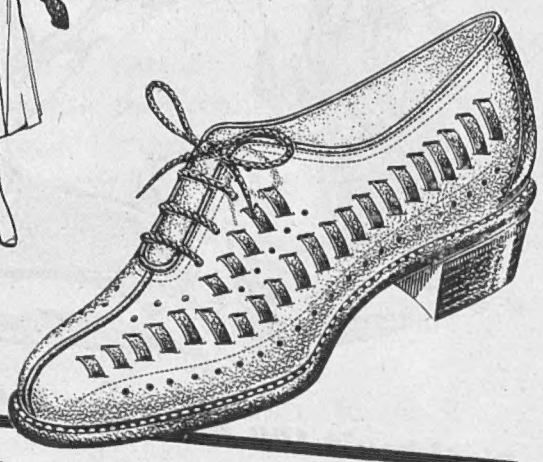
Recipe for Jamaica Old-Fashioned

Add a dash of bitters to 1 lump of sugar (or teaspoonful of syrup). Then add 1 or 2 cubes of ice, a slice of lemon, a tot of J.R., and a splash of Soda Water. Old-fashioned—in a new way!

Free Send for 'Jamaica Jo's RUM RECIPES' to: Sugar Manufacturers' Association (of Jamaica) Ltd. Dept. BE2., Norfolk Street, W.C.2.

designed to endure

Fine workmanship means not only elegance but superb wearing qualities. Choose your style from the many now available.

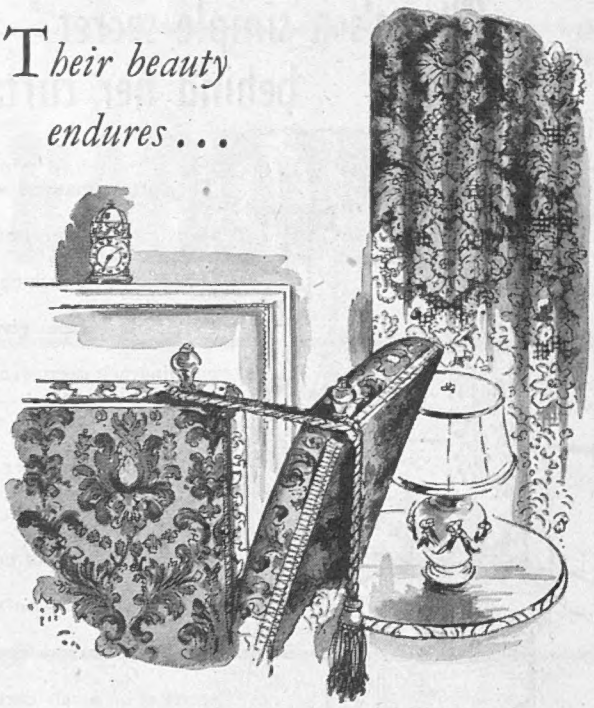


MOCCASIN

shoes for men and women

34X MOCCASIN SHOEMAKERS • NORTHAMPTON

Their beauty endures . . .



ROSEBANK *fabrics*

TRADE MARK

TURNBULL & STOCKDALE LTD.

ROSEBANK PRINTWORKS · RAMSBOTTOM · MANCHESTER

LONDON OFFICE: KENT HOUSE, MARKET PLACE, OXFORD CIRCUS, W.1

Mackintosh's 'Quality Street'
REGD
Mackintosh's Quality Street
A Delicious Assortment of Toffees & Chocolates
JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS LTD., HALIFAX

Ah! BISTO

IMPROVES ALL MEAT DISHES

Lastex FASHION NEWS

For sheer chic and practical comfort the B & E Expanding Hat illustrated is ideal for autumn wear. Styled in an exciting new shade of red velveteen and cunningly fashioned with Lastex Yarn, this hat will mould itself to any head and stay put in the fiercest gale. This is just one of the many contributions which Lastex, the yarn of lasting elasticity, has made to fashion.

B & E Expanding Hats styled with Lastex YARN

LASTEX YARN & LACTRON THREAD LTD. (Dept B.E.) St. Mary's Mills, LEICESTER
8L/10

simple *for sports*

lovely *for languishing*

How easy to persuade your hair to go up, how simple to change your mind and let it sweep down — once you've had a Eugène wave. You'll be able to brush your sets, too, to keep your hair glossy and healthy, for Eugène Waves are "permanently yours." Any Registered Eugène Waver will give you good advice about your next wave and its styling. Advice from a good hairdresser is always worth having for there's no substitute for professional knowledge.

Eugène 40r.

Genuine Eugene Sachets for your wave are sealed in a hygienic Individual Pack. Ask to see it — and read the message inside addressed to you.

first step to every lovely hair style

up... or down?

Upswept to look sophisticated, feel surer of yourself and —impress other women. Down, for femininity, naturalness and— to please men. Cheer up! Nearly every woman is in two minds about her hair-do.

BUT THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT

modess

Waterproof backing. Rounded ends and sides. Day-long softness. Soluble with loops 12 for 1/8½d. Cotton wool with loops 12 for 2/4d. Plain wrappings.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD.

THE FINEST SKIRTS MADE

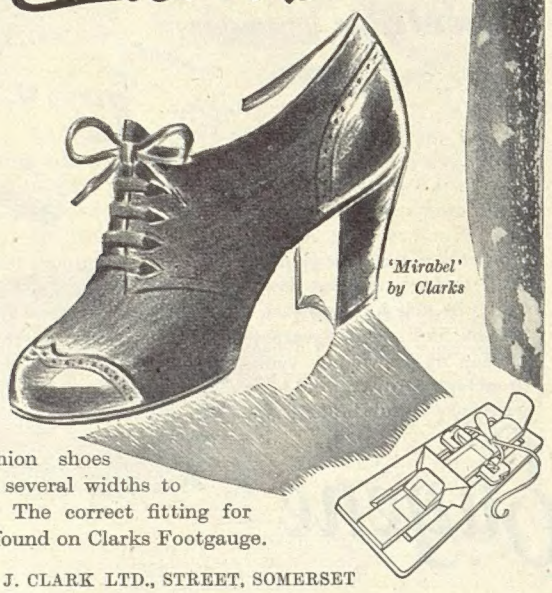
WITH THE COLOURS OF THE HIGHLANDS BLENDED INTO FASHION

WHOLESALE ONLY

"GLEN-HAR" LTD. (LOUIS HARRIS GLASGOW LTD) NORTH HILLINGTON GLASGOW S.W.2

OF COURSE IT FITS WELL . . .

it's a Skyline by Clarks



'Mirabel' by Clarks

Skyline fashion shoes are made in several widths to every size. The correct fitting for your feet is found on Clarks Footgauge.

Made by C. & J. CLARK LTD., STREET, SOMERSET

'Celanese' Satin

lends its beauty to a slip that is longer . . . fashion's mood of the moment

Are you seeing her through ?

The Teenager needs your thoughtful care in equipping her with those little garments that make difficult days easy.

More and more of Kleinert's Belts and Santalettes (Protective Panties) are back in Lingeries Depts. and at the Haberdashery Counter.

Perfection in Protection

If it's **Kleinert's** it is Guaranteed

SANTELETTES · BELTS · ETC

From all good Drapers, Stores and Boots the Chemists.

BY APPOINTMENT
Gin Distillers to HM King George VI
BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

Definitely Superior!

MAXIMUM PRICES: 32/4 PER BOTTLE;
HALF BOTTLE 16/11 (U.K. ONLY)
THE ONLY GIN THAT HOLDS THE BLUE SEAL OF THE INSTITUTE OF HYGIENE

LIPSTICK
by
Cussons
Cussons

"It's a Gayledour... look at the pure mohair"

Look, too, at the deep pile . . . the superb finish . . . the high standard of workmanship. Choice? Three shapes, six sizes, and fifteen glorious colours. Price? Surprisingly small, for these beautiful rugs are marketed direct from the Mills to the Consumer. Delivery? Your order will be placed on a strict rotation list, and *within the shortest possible time a GAYLEDOUR RUG will be yours.*

Fifteen Colours

Old Gold · Black · Rio Tangerine · Rust · Nigger Brown
Burgundy · Coral · Beige · Light Blue · Royal Blue
Rose · Pastel Green · Meadow Green · Off White · Fawn

Prices from 27/6

GAYLEDOUR PURE MOHAIR RUGS

15 COLOURS 6 SIZES 3 SHAPES

The free illustrated Gayledour Booklet gives true colours, full details, shapes, sizes, prices, and easy to order form. No obligation. Write today to:—

BRAMHOPE FLOORFURNISHINGS LTD., DEPT. B.E. 75, DUKE STREET, DARLINGTON, Co. DURHAM

Trade enquiries are not invited

Ladies First

A Short Story

by

Ralph Arnold

Illustrations by

Frank Lea

LITTLE MRS. KESTON came out on to the terrace, looked round and then walked over to the table at which Colonel Chaplin was polishing off a breakfast of rolls and coffee, black cherry jam and apricots.

The Colonel dabbed at his white moustache and sketched a mock salute.

"All alone this morning?" he asked. "Not a single boy-friend in attendance?"

For the first time in their brief hotel acquaintance Mrs. Keston failed to respond to one of his gallant sallies and, watching her as she sat down at his table, Colonel Chaplin fancied that he could read in her pretty face anger, distress, and—or so he suspected—fear.

"What's up?" he demanded. "What's happened?"

"Oh, nothing," she said. "And anyway, even if something had happened, I hate people who bore other people with their troubles."

Carefully spreading jam on his buttered roll, the Colonel found himself wondering whether, at long last, the worm had turned—the worm being Jackie Keston, Eve Keston's husband. On second thoughts, the Colonel decided that "worm" was hardly the right word for Jackie Keston. A formidable chap, that bounderish, hard-drinking, black-avised young man, an ugly customer if you got in his way; and he had probably decided that his wife's flirtation with this Swiss fellow—Baron Whatever-his-name-was—had gone far enough. Eve Keston, the Colonel considered, had better look out for herself.

The lady in question ordered herself a *café complet* and then laughed bewitchingly at her solemn companion.

Suddenly, as they were passing the window of an expensive jeweller's, Eve Keston faltered, clutched the Colonel's arm, and gave a little cry

THE Kestons had obtained permission on medical grounds to spend a year in Switzerland. Eve Keston was supposed to have a weak heart; but as it did not prevent her dancing evening after evening on the terrace, unkind compatriots at the Grand Hotel, Baumstock, struggling to make their meagre allowances last a fortnight, were not above suggesting that she did not care for austerity England; and it was hinted that she would not mind shedding Keston in favour of a handsome Swiss widower whom she could twist round her little finger and who would provide her with Swiss nationality.

Only the Colonel stood up for her, declaring that whatever anyone might say, she was a dashed pretty little woman; which was no more than the truth.

Mrs. Chaplin marched on to the terrace, raising formidable eyebrows on seeing her husband's breakfast companion. There's no fool, her expression implied, like an old fool.

The old fool was evidently enjoying himself.

"See here, Alice," he began, "Mrs. Keston is going into Perle this morning to do some shopping. Why shouldn't we all three go together, lunch at the Regal, and see a film afterwards?"

"No reason at all," Mrs. Chaplin said, "except that it's our afternoon for going to see Tony Hayward."

"Quite right, my dear," the Colonel said, "quite right. We can't cut that. Hübsch is coming this evening and the boy will be anxious. Don't blame him, either. Tell you what! Let's take Mrs. Keston to see Tony. Cheer the lad up just to hear her pretty voice."

"Possibly," Mrs. Chaplin observed. "But it would also no doubt bore Mrs. Keston to distraction."

Eve Keston protested. "Oh, no, it wouldn't," she said. "I should love to come. That's the boy in the Plumbad clinic on the other side of the lake, isn't it? The one your husband was telling me about—who was a great friend of your son's and who was so terribly badly wounded in Burma? That's the reason why you come to Baumstock, isn't it, so that you can go and see him every other afternoon? Poor dear, I'd adore to try and cheer him up."

"Very well," Mrs. Chaplin said; and proceeded to cause consternation among

the hotel staff by ordering an egg, lightly boiled, some toast, and a pot of marmalade.

SHORTLY before one o'clock the trio were making their way along the chief shopping street of Perle, Mrs. Chaplin in a white silk shirt and sensible tweed skirt, the Colonel in a sports jacket and grey flannel trousers, and Mrs. Keston in a deceptively simple-looking white dress, high-heeled shoes and a nonsensically enormous straw hat.

Suddenly, as they were passing the window of an expensive jeweller's, Eve Keston faltered, clutched the Colonel's arm, and gave a little cry.

For a moment it looked as if she was going to faint, but she managed to pull herself together and was half-led, half-carried into the hall of Perle's smartest hotel.

" It 's this heat," Colonel Chaplin declared. " Knocked you out, my dear, and I don't wonder at it."

But Mrs. Keston shook her head and, over a restoring iced drink, confided the real reason for her sudden collapse.

In passing the shop window she had seen, exhibited for sale, a pair of emerald clips—clips of unique and unmistakable design.

" Mine," she whispered. " They belong to me. My first husband gave them to me. I know I haven't made a mistake."

" Then what in the world are they doing in that shop window ? " the Colonel demanded.

Mrs. Keston hesitated ; and then out came the whole pitiful story.

It was, it appeared, all Jackie's doing. She had married Jackie because he had been poor and without a relation in the world and had done such wonderful things in the war out in Burma. It had been two lonely people coming together because, after her first husband's death, she had been lonely too. Lonely and with more money than she had known what to do with. Only lately Jackie had changed. He had become absurdly jealous—really, she was quite frightened of him sometimes ; he had been drinking far too much ; and he was always asking her for big sums of money. Then, just the other day, he had taken these clips out of her jewel-case and had said that they needed cleaning and that he would take them to Perle. What he had really done was now all too clear. He had sold them and pocketed the proceeds.

Mrs. Keston would not listen to the Colonel's demand that he should go straight round to the shop and get the clips back.

" What Jackie has done is illegal as well as being terribly cruel," she explained. " But I won't have him punished. After all, what does a pair of clips amount to ? "

Mrs. Chaplin's unspoken thought was that they probably amounted to about a thousand pounds.

" Plucky little woman," the Colonel murmured.

AFTER lunch, Colonel Chaplin made a great fuss about the steamer timetable.

A direct service of paddle steamers with pink-painted benches under striped awnings connected Baumstock and Perle ; and similar intermediate vessels pottered all round the lake, calling at innumerable little landing-stages, including Plumbad.

" Here, Alice," he said, " you look this beastly thing up. Can't understand their wretched twenty-four-hour clock. We must be in Plumbad by a quarter to three." He turned to Mrs. Keston. " There 's one of these rope railways," he explained. " Goes up from the village to the clinic, and it only runs at certain times of day. For an hour in the morning and then from three to half-past in the afternoon to let the patients come down to the village for tea and a bit of a change ; and then from five-thirty to six so that the fellows can go back again. And if anyone should want to go up to the clinic—not that they get many visitors—they have to be at the little station when a cabin is coming down. That 's how it works, you know. As one cabin comes down, another goes up."

MRS. CHAPLIN having coped successfully with the steamer timetable, the trio found themselves at the Plumbad terminus of the rope railway at five minutes to three.

The station, a little open-ended concrete shed dominated by a great winding wheel, was deserted. Beside the wheel was a flimsy-looking wooden car or cabin.

" Pretty casual, if you ask me," the Colonel observed. " No staff whatever at this end. The chap who works the machinery stops up top. A minute before he sets the wheels turning he rings a bell that buzzes down here and anyone who is waiting to go up has to hop in and shut themselves into this nasty little box. Then a second bell rings and off you go."

It was hot in the shed and they stood

Tony Hayward was in the descending cabin that passed the one in which were Mrs. Keston and her husband, and saw her open the door and push him out

staring out at the double line of sagging cable that ran up, shining in the sun, until it disappeared from sight beyond a pylon which stood on the first ridge or shelf of the considerable peak at the foot of which the village of Plumbad nestled. For a space the cable was lost to view, to reappear far higher up the slope where the mountain terminus was just visible, a white dot against a background of grey rock.

Then the sleepy silence was broken by the buzzing of a bell and the three climbed into the cabin, the Colonel closing the door with a rather elementary-looking clasp.

"Wouldn't do to fall out," he observed jocularly.

A second signal sounded from the top station, the big winding wheel began to revolve, and with a little jerk they started on their suspended, aerial journey.

Mrs. Keston leant out over the open side of the cabin.

People working in their steeply-sloping gardens looked up, and children playing in the road below waved. The cabin swung ever so slightly on its cable.

Colonel Chaplin addressed Mrs. Keston.

"Now, suppose you and I were alone, my dear, and I wanted to murder you—not that I ever would, mark you—I wouldn't choose this stage of the trip to knock you silly, open the cabin door, and push you out. Not on your life. Far too many people to see what was happening. But just you wait . . ."

Eve Keston gave an affected little shriek of terror; and Mrs. Chaplin frowned ominously.

The cabin, mounting slowly towards the pylon on the ridge, seemed to sag. Then, inch by inch, it crept up level with the great steel mast, appeared to draw fresh strength from contact with it, and was carried on over the ridge.

There was an abrupt change of scene. No more sloping gardens below them; no more roads. Instead, a wide shelf of mountainside densely carpeted with

spruce trees, a wild, tangled forest through which no paths appeared to run.

Colonel Chaplin leant forward.

" Now 's my chance ! " he hissed in a conspiratorial whisper. " The overhang from the next ridge hides us from the mountain station. The people back in Plumbad can't see us. Crack on the head —knock you senseless—open the cabin door—push you out—and down you would fall into the forest, where no one would find your body in a hundred years. And who would be any the wiser ? That 's the beauty of it. The man at the mountain station sees one person get out of the cabin. That 's all right by him because he has no means of knowing that two people got in at Plumbad."

The uniformed police officer, who had joined the letter-writing young men, got up and came over to the Colonel's table. He touched Mrs. Keston on the arm. " Please come with me, Madame," he said

" Do shut up, Charles," Mrs. Chaplin said.

With a swish the descending cabin swept past them on its parallel cable.

It held four men, and the Colonel shouted a greeting to them.

He grinned across to Mrs. Keston. " There you are," he said. " Foiled again. The flaw in the perfect crime. The people in the descending car have had us in view ever since we swung over the ridge. Say what you like, the lot of the would-be murderer is dashed hard."

Mrs. Keston was staring down at the forest that stretched below them. She evidently had a good head for heights.

" The trouble with you, Charles," Mrs. Chaplin remarked acidly, " is that you read far too many detective stories."

The Colonel laughed. " A vice I share with Mrs. Keston's husband," he said. " We were having a crack about them in the bar last night. He reads nearly as many as I do. But you must admit that I very nearly provided you both with a method of committing a clueless murder." (*Continued on page* 51)

CLOAK AND DAGGER AGAIN

Gone Are The Days Of The Glamorous Spy. The Secret Agents Of To-day Are Team Men Or Women And Not Infrequently Just Humble Workers

By C. Patrick Thompson

"ESPIONAGE is big business again," said my companion, with obvious relish. Recruiting is proceeding at high pressure. Prices are rising —the right sort of agents are hard to get. Now, if you want to hire a spy, there's one of the last war's Number One agents. Maybe she's on somebody's pay-roll again."

I swivelled what I hoped was an unobtrusive glance in the general direction of the initiate's slight nod. The restaurant's sun terrace provided a gallery of prospects. A berouged old trout flanked by two young lovelies. A lean military-looking man with restless, guilty eyes and a poodle on a leash. A black-bearded fellow murmuring behind his hand to a handsome woman of Brunhilde proportions. A spectacular girl with a wide, red mouth and rippling chestnut hair to her waist.

I suggested: "The black beard, or the mermaid?"

My companion, late of the French Intelligence, and now head of a celebrated international detective agency, made a grimace which indicated a low rating for me in this intelligence test.

"If you were casting for a Hollywood film, or an Oppenheim novel, maybe. But in real life, 1948—oh, no, no! That's the one, in the yellow straw hat."

The face under the coolie straw was fat and fortyish. You would not notice it in a crowd. But watching her closely, I saw that her grey eye was quick and intelligent. There was character in the rounded jaw, and something brisk and active about her barrel body. She was sitting at a side table, talking animatedly to a sharp-featured man who listened intently.

"Don't read drama into that conversation," said my companion. "She hasn't come here, straight from drugging the King's Messenger, or beguiling the secret of a new nuclear fission process from the besotted head of the atomic warfare department. And he isn't the military attaché from the Embassy round the corner.

"That's Monsieur X, he's a hotel manager; and if you were trained to read lip movements at a distance, you'd know he's anxious to hear what she's been able to do about the housemaids he needs for the season which opens two weeks hence. She is the head of an employment agency, one of the best and biggest. Anything from domestic servants to chauffeurs and stenographers

"She was very useful to us during the war. The Gestapo caught a few of the agents she planted, but they never traced them to her. She was one of our most valuable spy organizers through the war.

THAT'S what the cloak-and-dagger business has come down to with the development of mechanized warfare, long-range guided missiles, the atomic bomb and the lethal bacteria spray.

The super-agent, who steals the secret treaty from the ambassador's attaché-case as the trans-continental express plunges into the Simplon or some other tunnel, and escapes by jumping out and catching a high-tension cable in rubber-gloved hands; the heavily-scented Delilah, who seduces the Chief of the General Staff, and stabs him one night when he keeps an assignation, with the plans of the national defences in the hip pocket of his uniform breeches, and manages to cross the frontier disguised as a peasant girl carrying the morning milk: these glamorous characters have gone the way of the pickelhaube and the Maginot Line.

The new spy is a team man or woman. Most of the members are humdrum and not infrequently humble workers. Some of the most dangerous individuals are quiet, unadventurous folk who, up to the moment that they drift or are washed over the dam into the sinister, snake-and-tiger-haunted jungle of international politico-military espionage, never dreamed that they could, or would, ever depart from the respectable and uneventful world in which their lives seemed set.

Two of those, one an obscure clerk, the other a quiet-eyed, unobtrusive scientist, were the key figures in the great Canadian spy drama, the backwash of which still agitates the Ottawa courts. That story illustrates the new espionage pattern that is forming as the two world giants, America and Russia, spar and skirmish from the Behring Straits to the Dardanelles, and from Germany to Alaska.

The reverberations of atomic bomb No. Two were dying away when the Red Army's Intelligence chief looked at the map with third World War eyes. He saw Canada and Alaska as the northern approaches to the U.S.A.—or the U.S.S.R. Uranium there, too—the big deposits which made the rapid development of the atomic bomb practicable, once the scientists had done their theoretical stuff. Additionally, important researches into nuclear fission were being conducted in Canada. He picked his ace spy organizer. "Orders for Ottawa. You will go as military attaché at our Embassy."

In Ottawa the (*Continued on page* 52)

The Gipsies

A gipsy caravan on the road at Milford, Surrey. Many who envy the gipsy his freedom will be sorry if he ever ceases to be a wanderer, living in a gaily coloured caravan that is kept as clean as any cottage

IN this age of rules and regulations, there is something strangely foreign about the gipsies with their gaudy caravans that still dawdle along the lanes of the English countryside. These nomads enjoy a larger measure of freedom than any other people. The 2,909 Government orders issued in the past year hardly affect them. To-day, as in the age of Elizabeth, they wander from one common to another, living on their skill in making clothes pegs, buying and selling horses, telling fortunes, and a score of other occupations.

It is not surprising that a romantic atmosphere still clings to these dark-skinned people whose ways seem so weird to the gorgios — or non-gipsies. Not a few people were shocked when the New Forest Committee—appointed by the Forestry Commission—recently advised that the 411 gipsies in the area should be housed in an experimental camp equipped with proper sanitation. However, few of those who are opposed to this scheme appear to be familiar with the camps of the New Forest gipsies where conditions—in the words of the official report—"have hardly reached the standard of the Stone Age."

Similar protests may arise from the decision of the Guildford Rural District Council to build bungalows for gipsies in their area. Already a number of gipsies are living in council houses in that district, and the experiment has been described as a "partial success." It remains to be seen how many gipsies will be pleased to exchange the caravan or tent for the permanent house.

MANY of us who envy the gipsy his freedom will be sorry if he ever ceases to be a wanderer, living in a gaily-coloured caravan that is kept as clean as any cottage. It is when the gipsy becomes a "squatter," permanently living on a particular site, that his home turns into a slum.

Not that the cleanest and purest of Romanies are popular with all the villagers. Many a countryman will complain of the gipsies who steal his straw and fell his trees for firewood. Only to-day, I talked with a farmer who is furious with gipsies who released their horses in his fields late at night, removing them at dawn next morning. No less unfortunate is the gipsies' skill in poaching. The Romany does not normally pay for a game licence before catching pheasants. With his superb lurchers—a cross between a greyhound and a collie—he is supreme master of the art of hunting rabbits and hares.

There have been some farmers in the past who were not always hostile to the poaching of rabbits on their land. Vermin were all too numerous about our neglected countryside before the war. Now the position is very different. Rabbits are scarce and expensive. In Lincolnshire, the right to shoot rabbits for a year on a 130-acre farm was recently sold for £115. No wonder the poaching gipsy is unpopular.

Nor do the gipsies gain approval for their treatment of our commons. The most barbaric picknicker from a city slum leaves no more litter than the gipsy. I have counted as many as 350 objects left behind on Chailey Common by Sussex gipsies who had stayed there for less than a week. Among the rubbish were several empty tins of dried milk, filthy bedding, rags, paper, mashed potatoes and old petrol tins which when heated on the camp fire, flattened and torn into thin strips, provide the tin wire for clothes pegs.

SO strongly hostile to the gipsies are residents in one Sussex village that the parish council recently decided to ban all campers from the local common. The law is on their side for it is an offence to push a wheeled vehicle on to a common,

Of Britain

By Garth Christian

Morning toilet and breakfast on Epsom Downs. The Derby attracts many gipsy caravans from all parts of the country

nor has anyone the legal right to light a fire or exercise a dog there.

There is nothing new in these attempts to restrict the gipsies' freedom to roam wherever he likes. In 1530, these "Egyptians"—who probably hail from India—were ordered to leave England within fifteen days. Since the sheriffs were entitled to claim half their goods—the Court of Exchequer taking the remainder—this law may well have been applied. A dozen years before Elizabeth's reign, a few of the many gipsies in Britain—said to number 10,000—were transported to Calais. In the same period, Lincolnshire gipsies were banished to Norway. As late as Cromwell's day, a gipsy was hanged (*Continued on page* 54)

(*Above*) Interior of a wood and canvas home at Thorney Hill in the New Forest. Stanley Doe (*left*) ex-soldier, claims Romany descent and Frank Janus works for the foresters

(*On right*) One of the "slum" camps near Shave Green in the New Forest. They grew up in the years between the wars but few of the dwellers in the Forest are gipsies, although some claim Romany descent, the majority are hawkers or workers on the farms or forest, and they live in shacks, huts, tents, broken-down caravans and structures too fantastic to be dignified with a name of any sort

Soldiers of Fortune

Stories Of Some Mercenaries Of Recent Times

By Warren Armstrong

SORELY worried, Azzam Pasha, Secretary-General of the Arab League, lay listless on a bed, trying to cope with two problems. First, to sweat from his aching bones a violent chill that had laid him low when he could least afford to be inactive; second, to muster arms and men for the fight against Palestine Jewry. Said Azzam Pasha, mustering as much belligerence as his condition would allow: "When you're living among rogues, and they threaten to cut your throat, you find revolvers, somehow. You buy them, or steal them, but you get them. Then you find men with quick eyes and quicker fingers to fire those revolvers."

His words travelled thousands of miles across wide oceans and came to rest in a Montreal hotel, and were heard by a youngster, George "Screwball" Beurling. In a few minutes, and fewer words, he was making up his mind. . . .

"Screwball" was one of those unique folk born to rub the world the wrong way; with twenty-nine German and Italian aircraft to his credit, and every air decoration for fighting save the V.C., he discovered that these years of alleged peace were disappointing, dull. For a while he flew commercial aircraft, became a life insurance salesman, hunted Cape Breton deer with bow-and-arrow, did the odd spot of fair-ground stunt flying—and failed to get a kick out of life. Then, by underground methods, word reached him that, maybe, a fellow with his sort of qualifications might do more than well for himself somewhere in the vicinity of the Eastern Mediterranean; Beurling said: "Guess I'll think it over. I'd be tickled to death to get back into combat . . . it's the only thing I can do well. In fact, it's all I ever did I really liked!" When Azzam Pasha delivered himself of his load of anxiety, George Beurling was ready to play ball—with "The Other Side."

"I'm only interested in politics" he said, "if political fixes give me some vague idea of where the next war is likely to break . . . and whether they'll want fighter-pilots. Maybe it'll sound tough—but I'll drop bombs or fire guns from a plane for *anyone* who'll pay me—*the highest figure*!"

It was hinted "The Other Side" offered him £250 a week, paid in good, hard American currency; "Screwball" said he reckoned he would live to spend his pay. "I've been shot up before and I managed to come through whole." But George Beurling, perhaps the last, certainly the latest, mercenary, was killed in an air crash, in a ninety-m.p.h. aircraft, over Rome on his way to fight in Palestine. And his end was typical of most other Soldiers of Fortune. . . .

TAKE the case of Birger Johnsen, Norwegian airman with more than 8,000 hours flying-time to his credit. It seemed that someone, somewhere in China, was ready and eager to pay up to £400 a week to any "foreign pilot" who could really earn his keep. Johnsen had flown over South American jungles, over Mexican deserts and uncharted waterways in other parts of this half-civilized world, and this seemed a cinch. "Chicken-feed" he said, and went off to China, to take part in a first bombing raid designed to wipe out a Chinese Communist group. Forced down by fog, he was captured, and stricken by malaria which wrote him off the strength of his employers' payroll. Not so very long afterwards, Birger Johnsen was hauled before a Brooklyn magistrate, charged with "illegal possession of a firearm," with which he had tried to commit suicide in a fit of sheer despondency. He was flat broke. . . .

Then there was Sam Dreben, self-styled "Fighting Jew," who claimed to have earned close on £100,000 in his lifetime as a Soldier of Fortune; campaigns in China, Mexico, South America and parts of Europe netted him a very comfortable income . . . but left him to die quite penniless in a Los Angeles back street.

TRACY RICHARDSON, an American free-lance fighting-man, probably battled—and according to his own plans and schemes, flatly refusing to take orders from anybody—in more South American revolutions than any other mercenary ever known . . . and, at the height of his career, during one savage engagement, spun on his heels and toppled flat when a stray bullet crashed into his body. As his eyes misted over, Richardson was dimly conscious of the fact that another man—who looked as if his proper place was behind the headmaster's desk in a high school—had jumped into the fight, and was pumping bullets from the abandoned machine gun in the general direction of the enemy. Jack Zimmerman, quiet-voiced, scholastic in appearance, went on to win a brilliant reputation as a mercenary (*Continued on page 56*)

WITH Gordon as guide, she had ridden out with him to the black tents of some real bedu. Gordon talked fluently with the magnificent, fierce-looking Arabs

Incident At Lydda

Nobody Seemed To Be Thinking Of The Tortured Country Which Was So Soon To Be Left Behind, Until . . .

By Michael Hastings

SOME buildings welcome you; thought Maeve. This one didn't. It was aloof and unfriendly, as if it knew that here was no longer permanence, that all was transition. There was a brooding silence punctuated at intervals by unexpected sound. The doom note of footsteps along corridors where there were closed and deserted offices. The angry slam of a distant door. And, sometimes, the spiteful crack of a sniper's rifle.

There was spasmodic fighting somewhere between the railway station and the old square Saracen's tower of Ramleh village. It had been the same during the dash from Jerusalem. The convoy had run the gauntlet in spite of the grey police cars which had sprayed the rock littered slopes with machine-gun fire.

The guarded gates of Lydda airfield offered a welcome sanctuary. They'd driven past small, square houses—many of them already forsaken. And so come to the great block of the control buildings. In the entrance hall the paper stall was closed. An R.A.F. corporal, whistling mournfully, was checking luggage weights. The winged Pegasus which decorated the hall seemed eager to take flight from this troubled spot.

The party from Jerusalem turned right, into the restaurant. The first part of this had been screened off, to form a lounge-like waiting room. There was only one occupant, an Army captain. He lolled in a chair, half asleep; his face lined and drawn with weariness. He glanced up, then away.

Maeve thought: We're just another bunch of fugitives to him. We're getting out, and he's left here to make sure that the place is safe for the next batch. He can't see anything ahead except days and nights of anxiety.

Then she noticed that all the others were standing uneasily, without purpose, not knowing what to do next. So, very deliberately, she sat down. There was a mass movement, not unlike a spasm, and then everybody was sitting.

Gordon Walsh lowered himself in the chair next to her own. They hadn't managed to travel in the same car. She wanted to tell him how odd it was that they should be leaving the country in this manner. How unlike all their dreams the reality was proving. But she saw that it wouldn't do. He was filled to the brim with bitterness and irritation. More than a little sorry for himself, in addition.

"Thank heaven that's over!" he gasped. "Never experienced anything like it before. Dozens of times I had to remind myself that it wasn't a nightmare; it was something actually happening. Knowing the road so well, I found myself picturing in advance every boulder, every olive tree, which would provide cover for a sniper. Then, when I least expected it, a bullet flicked the bonnet of the car. One moment there was the glossy black surface—the next there was a great scratch, like a scar."

"We had one through the roof," said Maeve quietly. "A splintering sound and the tearing of a hole. But I'd barely time to consider how I felt about it. There were two children in the car—and their mother was petrified with fear. They began to cry. She didn't seem aware of it. So my attention was directed to them."

Gordon frowned. "It's a ghastly business—makes you feel so damned helpless. You know how long I've been here, trying my hardest to assist both peoples with their agricultural problems. When trouble started I felt pretty calm about it. I should be

all right. I'd made friends." He laughed bitterly. "Look at me now! On the run. Just as likely to be bumped off by the one side as the other. That's a pretty finish to my work."

Maeve looked at him. There was resentment smouldering in his dark eyes. His lips were compressed to a hard line. She'd always regarded him as a strong character, a man who was going to make a success of life. It wasn't that she admired success, or hankered after it; but she'd always known, deep within, that she could only give her love and herself to a man who was strong. Perhaps it had started years back, when she was still a schoolgirl and had imagined her heart as a citadel which would only surrender to the proud fanfare of a brave man. This foolish, romantic picture had faded; but the admiration of real strength remained.

She glanced across the room to where Justin Lennox was sitting, hunched a little in a chair, reading a book. At one time she'd been on the verge of promising to marry him. Justin was a doctor. There was something splendid about his work—that had attracted her. And there was something admirable about his devotion to it—that had attracted her, too. Yes, she'd come very near to marrying Justin. Then, on holiday at Tiberias, she'd met Gordon. She'd been introduced to him at a dance in the hotel. He was a more colourful talker than Justin, more virile. Dancing with him, she was aware of a strong physical magnetism. They'd seen much of each other for the next few days. She'd been reluctant to make comparisons; but the comparisons were not to be denied. Gordon excelled at so many things where Justin was weak. He was a powerful swimmer, where Justin could barely swim a stroke. He was an excellent horseman. And Justin always looked nervous on horseback. And towards the end of her holiday she'd agreed to go across into Transjordan with Gordon and three other people.

They'd gone south to Jericho, then crossed the unimpressive Jordan by the unimposing Allenby Bridge. They'd motored up into the hills which she'd so often viewed longingly from Jerusalem, and had come to Amman. It was her first glimpse of an unspoilt Arab town. For the first time in her life she'd felt truly on the fringe of the desert, on the edge of the wild. Then, with Gordon as guide, they'd ridden out to the black tents of some real bedu. He'd talked fluently with magnificent, fierce-looking Arabs. They'd feasted in the tents and all the time Gordon behaved as though this were a second form of living to which he was well accustomed. With awakening pride she'd seen him take part in a race on fleet, cream-coloured camels.

After that, the end was inevitable. She'd gone back to Justin feeling uneasy, uncertain of herself, apprehensive because the ties of loyalty had frayed so thin. Jerusalem had seemed characterless after Amman. A polyglot city with an outer covering of make-shift modernity which was already showing signs of decay. Only the Old City achieved character, in its swarming, narrow, shaded ways which reeked with the stench of centuries. The tripartite police with their dark stockings, and their black astrakhan hats compared unfavourably, she thought, with the horsemen of the Arab Legion she'd seen galloping past the old Roman amphitheatre in Amman, the sun glinting on their spiked helmets.

Justin, too, had appeared less interesting. He was in a serious, almost sombre mood, engrossed in some cases at the hospital. She sensed that he was only giving her part of his attention, that another portion of his mind was too engrossed in case history to concern itself with her. He seemed flat after Gordon.

She fought a battle within herself, setting the old loyalties against the new, disturbing excitement. It was like erecting a flimsy barrier against the living strength of a spring tide. And so the end came, miserably. She'd seen little of Justin since their last talk. Her memories of it were nagging and miserable. In her mind she felt that she'd failed him; but her mind was powerless to direct her heart. And common sense told her that there were no foundations for happiness. She was doing the best, not only for herself; but for Justin.

Then Gordon had swept her out of dejection, made her exult in a vital sense of living. Fired her with the excitement of new adventures, made her mind and body tingle with the thrill of it all. The drum-rollings of trouble, coming rapidly nearer and more threatening, were barely noticed. True, there were inconveniences, elements of danger, disturbing rumours. But her dream of life with Gordon towered above all these things, remained inviolate.

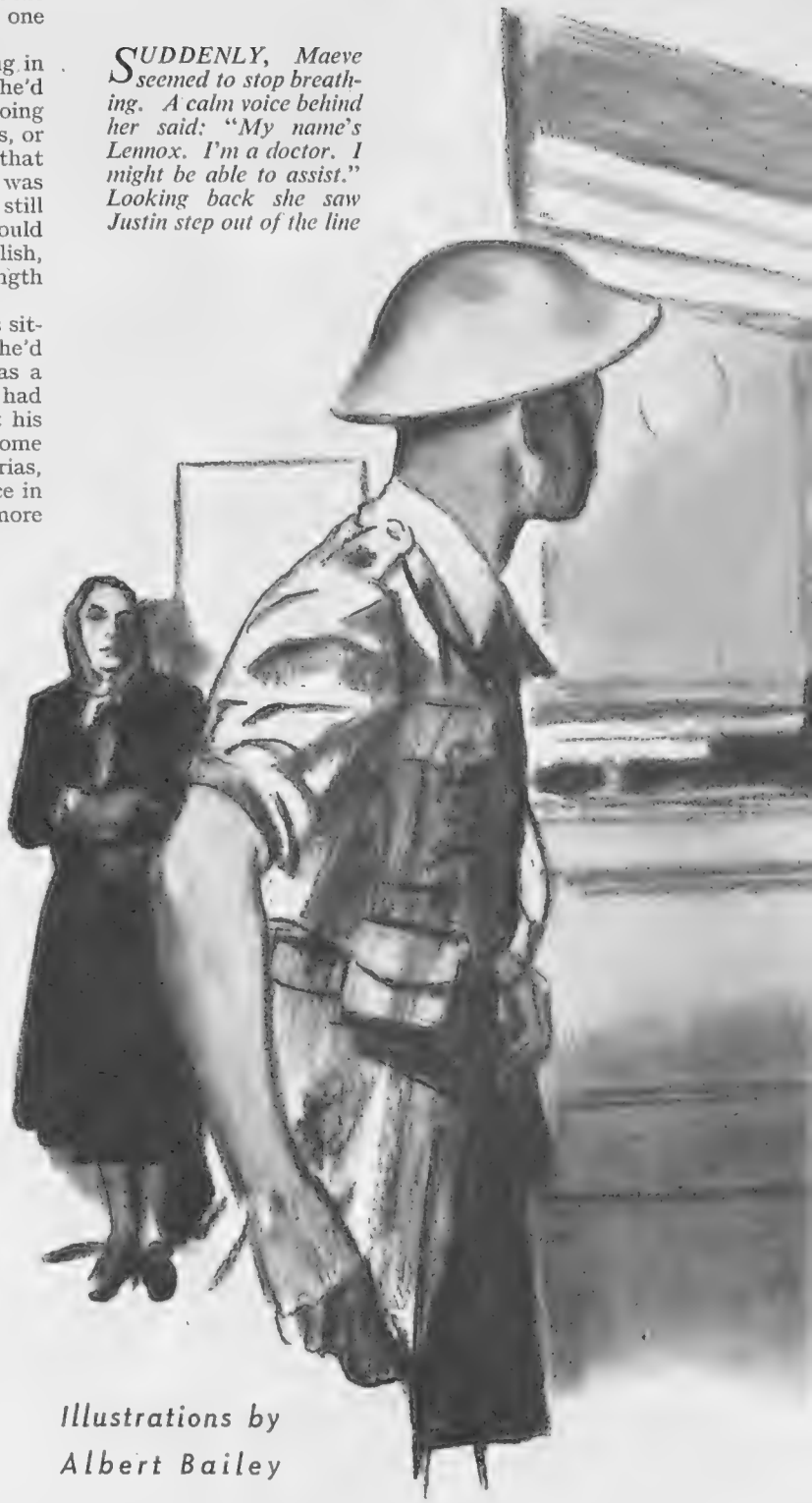
Until now.

The stampeding events of the past twenty-four hours, the strain of the convoy journey, were like the drifting of a heavy, leaden cloud across the sun. Had it changed Gordon? Or was she seeing a different side of him. The bitterness of defeat she could understand. That was everywhere—in the secretariat where she worked, in all other departments. In spite of the mud flung by the gutter urchins of propaganda, they'd all worked hard for the betterment of this land which was at once ugly and beautiful, new and old. And it was like acid being poured upon the soul to see everything going down to chaos. It was the sort of barren harvest which brought despair to all but the strong.

Again she looked at Gordon. Impossible to believe that he was going down, too. He'd always said that he felt it within him to be able to surmount any disaster. Perhaps, though, the journey had tired him. She bit her lip as she realized that she was seeking excuses.

"Anyway," she said, "it's over now. We'll soon be leaving it all behind. Poor, troubled country."

"A plague on the country!" he snapped. "I don't care what happens to it. Haven't you looked into the future, Maeve? It's a grim prospect. The job's at an end. Do you think there'll be anything back home—apart from a verbal tribute to the arduous and difficult tasks I, among others, performed? I've done well out here. But I can't see myself obtaining an



SUDDENLY, Maeve seemed to stop breathing. A calm voice behind her said: "My name's Lennox. I'm a doctor. I might be able to assist." Looking back she saw Justin step out of the line

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

equivalent position anywhere back home."

"You're forgetting our plans, Gordon. We've talked about it dozens of times. You were determined you wouldn't stay here for ever. You wanted more scope, more opportunity!"

He shuffled uncomfortably. "I know," he said, almost irritably. "But the time isn't ripe. Those schemes may be years ahead. It's the immediate future which concerns us." And having said that he leaned back in his chair and dropped into a sullen silence.

Maeve looked at him, deeply troubled. There was a bleak feeling within. Something was fading out of life. It was like watching the colours of a rainbow as they withered leaving only the greyness. She thought: But I mustn't let it get me—this sense of frustration, helplessness. I must try to remain strong, so that I can encourage Gordon. Beyond that, she felt miserable. She began to notice little illusion-destroying details.

The worn material on one of the screens, a patch on one of the walls where plaster had fallen, dust on the unswept floor. Then she began to listen to the others talking. It was like hearing a dozen echoes of Gordon. Danger had gone out like a tide, leaving the depressing, storm-ravaged desolation of a flat beach.

Nobody seemed to be thinking of the tortured country which was so soon to be left behind. There seemed no interest in the rising conflict, no speculation as to the result. Those things, no doubt, would come later. For the moment there was immersion in personal misery, the feeling of imprisonment in a cell, with high, unbroken walls of despair.

Maeve sat waiting. For what? She asked herself and found only the one answer. For Gordon to (*Continued on page* 56)

GENERAL NOGUÈS
Draws his pension and lives in Lisbon

AUGUSTEO TURATI
Has a job with a film company on the Via Veneto

MARCEL DÉAT
Was French Fascist Chief. Is sentenced to death

PASTOR NIEMÖLLER
The oddest man ever to come out of a submarine

Very Odd Men Out

And Some Who Never Went In

By Ferdinand Tuohy

COUNT DINO GRANDI
Now teaching languages in a Lisbon suburb

FRITZ KUHN
Former head of the Nazi Bund in the United States

THERE'S a closing down feeling in the air of Western Europe in respect of traitors and collaborationists, internment camps and denazification courts. After three years there has been enough of it, says I.P.O.*

Exoneration is on the march—witness the case of General Weygand who is back among the "Immortals" of the French Academy, examining the exact meaning of French words once every week. The first word Weygand had to examine the meaning of, was *auxiliaire* (helper), which shouldn't have been too difficult for him.

Soon the first of the "really bad cases" should be coming out—witness the scheme to trade Charles Maurras, French ex-Royalist leader, for Argentinian wheat (or was it meat?). Anyway Maxime Réal del Sarte, literary gent with a foot in each country, was the quite serious go-between.

Yes, soon they'll be coming out. But I'm more interested in the guys who never went in; and in some other guys too. I think there are three kinds of guys in whom I am interested: the ones who are officially still "wanted," those who find it healthier to remain yet awhile on the sidelines, and others who must be as surprised as the public, that they are out and about.

In a class by himself in category one is electrical, five-feet-high Marcel Déat (at least he was electrical when I knew him as editor of *Œuvre*, with offices in the next street). Déat was French Fascist Chief and functioned with the Germans in Paris. He was second only to Laval in actual power (many placed Déat's influence first) and became one of the four most hated men in France.

Of these, the first to go was Doriot, killed in Germany in one of the last Allied air raids. Next Darnand faced up to a firing-squad. After him Laval was propped up, having taken poison. But Déat . . . what happened to little Déat?

Little Déat vanished. They said his size, his capacity to appear boyish (he is fifty now), his wizard mind, all helped. First news, in late 1945, told of him in the uplands of the Dordogne, preparing to make a last stand among some hearties. That may have been eyewash. At all events, the French were looking for little Déat in Austria, in 1947. They told me he might be working as a farmhand, even farm boy. He could appear so trim and young.

But little Déat had other fish to fry. He had been the "Man of Rome" in Paris in pre-war days, so what more natural than that he should seek sanctuary in the capital of Fascismo? There he is today, maybe under a roof protected by religion (or respected on account of it), maybe not. The Roman police are evasive. When a French correspondent claimed to have interviewed Déat, the police contented themselves with: "Why didn't he denounce him?"

The police are credited with not wishing to arrest Déat "while he is in Rome." The only other place Déat would probably like to be, is the Argentine, so he must watch his step if he ever sneaks out of Rome towards the coast. What makes Déat such a very odd man out, is that he is sentenced to death.

LÉON DEGRELLE
He founded the Belgian Rexists

HOW easy a hide-out Italy can be, is shown by the case of Carlo Scorza, a former General-Secretary of the Fascist Party, and one of the roughest types Mussolini ever took on. That, the Duce only did right at the end, in 1943; but for long years previously Scorza had been at the dictator's call for the toughest work—although to say that Scorza invented the castor oil and rubber truncheon treatment, is nonsense, since he is not much over forty and would have been a schoolboy then.

Where is Carlo to-day? Mystery. But I do know that he was long hidden in a monastery near Milan, and is widely held to be still in Italy and at the bottom of the not-to-be-scoffed-at Fascist revival under various comic initials *à la mode*, all, of course, exuding freedom and democracy.

One of Scorza's predecessors as Party Secretary, Turati, is living openly in Rome. But he can claim to have been dismissed. That happened in 1932, when Mussolini sent ex-editor Augusteo Turati to a mental home. Out he pranced in mid-1943 and to-day he has a job with a film company on the Via Veneto.

Thought likely to be helping Scorza underground is another of Musso's ultimate big hats, ex-Finance Minister Pellegrini. Once a Naples professor, his was reckoned so bad a case that he got thirty years. He did one year, then was rescued by an outside organization, tribute to Pellegrini's worth.

Only "Leader" to shake off his (*Continued on page* 62)

**International Public Opinion.*

LADY OF THE CAMELLIAS

Historical Romances XVII

The Story Of Marie Duplessis, Who Conquered Paris By Her Dazzling Beauty And Was Immortalized By Alexandre Dumas In Novel And Play

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW

IN the Paris of a century ago she was a legend. Alexandre Dumas *fils* romanticised her in novel and play as "*La Dame aux Camélias.*" Sarah Bernhardt played her on the stage. Who was she, this lovely Parisienne who adored camellias and made them her favourite flower?

A simple Norman country girl, Alphonsine Plessis. A poor *gamine* of the Paris streets who wanted to be an actress. A fashionable courtesan who changed her name to Marie Duplessis. Outwardly, at least, a great lady with a luxury apartment on the Boulevard de la Madeleine and her own carriage and pair, who lived at the rate of 100,000 francs (£4,000) a year.

Dumas wrote of her as though he knew her but slightly. She was seen always at first nights. She drove regularly in the Champs Elysées—and he notes that she was never accompanied by an older woman who might serve as go-between for admirers, like most of her kind. She drove alone, smiled but discreetly to any man whom she recognised, alighted and walked in the wood for an hour.

She was tall, slender, exquisitely dressed in cashmere wrap and rich silks and velvets in winter, in the simplest gowns in summer. Her head was so small, graceful and beautifully moulded that the poet De Musset had said her mother must have taken particular pains in forming it. Oval face, dark eyes of unusual brilliancy, arched brows that seemed as if pencilled, perfect lips and teeth, velvety peach complexion, jet-black wavy hair parted in the middle and drawn down over her ears, diamond ear-rings worth perhaps 10,000 francs. Expression virginal, even childlike—astonishingly so, in view of the passionate life she led.

If "Mlle. Marguerite Gautier" of the book he knew but slightly, actually he

Marie was tall, slender, expression virginal, even childlike—astonishingly so in view of the passionate life she led

had met and fallen in love with the real Marie he was portraying. He had asked Dumas *père*, with his theatre connections, to help her stage career. Only when she had put off an engagement with him, and he saw a rival admirer drive to her door in a carriage—as her lover Armand in the story—did he end a romance which piqued his self-esteem and aroused his jealousy. There were too many men in her life for his peace of mind. . . .

THE first of note was the Count Ferdinand de Monguyon. Marie had been poor and obscure when he met her. The child of a drunken peasant father, she was sent to live with relatives. Instead of going to school, she tended cows in the fields and helped with the farm work. At thirteen she was so rebellious—a "problem child"—that they would have nothing more to do with her. Her father, now a common peddler, took her to Paris and let her loose in the streets. For years she lived the squalid life of the Latin Quarter among Bohemians who called her *La Belle Normande*. Often she hungered and had no roof over her head. The Quarter in those days abounded in such waifs and strays of a reckless, perilous beauty whose favours might be had for the asking.

Once a man found her warming herself at the stove of a hot-potato vendor on the Pont Neuf, and bought her some potatoes and wished her luck.

Wasn't it fitting that she should be discovered by a rich Count who could set her up with a carriage and spaniel and dresses and jewels, and all the other good things of life? Hadn't her poor family, far back, been connected with the feudal Du Mesnils who lost their estates in the Revolution? Wasn't she meant to be rich and beautiful, instead of a *gamine* of the gutter who had to warm herself at the stove of the hot-potato vendor on the Pont Neuf, with nowhere to sleep? Once a man found her shivering there and bought her some potatoes and wished her luck. Kind that was, but she saw how he pitied her. And she didn't want pity. She wanted admiration, like any young girl . . . more than that, the applause of the crowd. One day she would be a great actress; audiences would rave about her. . . . She was crazy about the theatre.

ANOTHER aristocrat, the Duc de Guiche, gave her that opportunity. He met her at a students' ball where wealth and fashion hobnobbed with Bohemia—and danced into romance of the informal, not too exacting kind with *grisettes* and *midinettes* and models. Soon, to the Count's annoyance, the Duc was riding with her in the carriage he had given her, dandling the spaniel he had also given her. That meant the end of the de Monguyon patronage, but why worry about losing a Count's favours and gaining a Duke's? The Count was angry, naturally, but if an ambitious young woman of charm and beauty cannot deal with a situation like that. . . . "*Chérie*, it is for my career. You mustn't be jealous. He is going to introduce me to the theatre. Think of it! The theatre."

Yes, the Theatre des Varieties. But when the Duc took her along there to meet the director she received a shock. Hadn't she met him before? Wasn't he the man who . . . that bitter cold night . . .? He in turn was gazing at her in her dazzling finery, thinking: Aren't you the girl for whom I bought those hot potatoes on the Pont Neuf a year or two ago? And now . . . the *protégée* of a duke! Well, well. And you want to go on the stage. . . . We must see what we can do. . . .

DE GUICHE not only introduced her to the stage; he attended to her education, social manners and deportment, turned her into a lady of fashion who changed her name to Marie and added the impressive "Du." Evidently she made little progress as an actress, though she did try to cultivate the interest of the famous Mlle. Judith, whom she greatly admired, leaving her flowers every morning when she was ill, but with no name—until the star expressed a wish to meet the anonymous donor.

A more significant meeting was that with the great Liszt, then the rage of Paris, at the first night of a melodrama. Bored with the play, she left her box with a friend to stroll in the foyer, and there saw the famous pianist talking with the critic Jules Janin. She may have been introduced. If not, then she resolutely walked up to him—this renowned lover of women—and said, simply: "Monsieur! I have heard you play, and your music has left me in a dream!" What man as susceptible as Liszt could resist such a compliment

Soon, to Count Ferdinand de Monguyon's annoyance, Marie was seen riding in the carriage the Count had given her, with the Duc de Guiche. That meant the end of the Count's patronage

from so enchanting a woman? They discussed the play and other things, preferred talking to going back to it, and arranged to meet again. That was yet another affair in Marie's life, romantic and impetuous enough to tempt him to invite her to follow him to Budapest when he went touring. From there they would travel east to Istambul, where they would take a villa overlooking the Golden Horn and love amid oriental splendour. There must have been something exceptional about Marie to arouse such interest in a connoisseur like Liszt. She was no ordinary courtesan, but now a fascinating woman of intelligence and at least a gloss of culture and refinement.

ILLNESS prevented the fulfilment of that romance. As in the case of so many girls of the Latin Quarter, privations and careless living in youth had sown in her the seeds of consumption. She suffered from a lung affliction; the gay social life of the Parisienne of fashion, the parties and dancing and late nights, made it worse. She was much too ill to join her Franz on a long, arduous journey. He went on alone, and one wonders how differently their two lives might have shaped had she been in a fit condition to join him. As it is, she has but a very minor rôle in the biographies of Liszt; Sacheverell Sitwell doesn't even mention her among the notorious loves of great ladies and princesses.

Marie met Liszt, the famous pianist, in the foyer of the theatre. They discussed the play, which had bored her, and other things, and arranged to meet again

THE Marguerite of the novel gives us a clue to the hectic life she led. When her only true lover, Armand Duval, remonstrates with her, she says: "If I were to take care of myself I should die. What alone sustains me is the feverish life which I lead. Besides, to 'take care of oneself' is very well for ladies in society, who have family and friends; but we, from the moment that we can no longer minister to the vanity or pleasure of our lovers, are abandoned." It is because she knows she is doomed that she accepts him so eagerly. "Having less time to live than others, I have resolved to live faster. . . The vanity of having good clothes, carriages and diamonds drags us along. . . . One consumes, little by little, one's heart, one's body, one's beauty. We are surrounded only by people who take from us more than they give, and one fine day we die like a dog after ruining others and ourselves as well."

EVIDENTLY Marie died in debt, for there is a poignant description of the sale of her possessions for £6,000 to satisfy creditors, of society men and women parading through her elegant rooms to see how a woman of the kind lived. Dumas was travelling abroad when he heard of her last grave illness. He hurried back to Paris, but arrived too late . . . wrote a poem to her . . . and in due time "*La Dame aux Camélias.*" Dickens, on a visit, was told that she had died of a broken heart, but concluded that it was more likely of "boredom and satiety" from the life she led. She is still remembered—by camellias placed on her grave in the cemetery of Montmartre.

[END]

The Wonderland Of Nature

New Arrivals At The London Zoo

1. A pair of tarsiers at the London Zoo. These grinning, goggle-eyed animals, known to zoologists as arboreal mammals, have sucker-like discs at the ends of fingers and toes which enable them to grip branches as they leap from tree to tree in search of insects. The tarsier is regarded as a possible link in the chain of evolution and the skull of the species approaches more nearly to the ape type than any other lemur. They are the first to be seen in Europe and came from the Philippines by way of Washington Zoo
2. This goggle-eyed little creature is "Now," the bush baby born at the London Zoo. Its twin brother is called "Never" and they were named after the racehorse "Now Or Never." They are Moholie bush babies which come from South Africa, and the size of them can be estimated by the fact that "Now" is comfortably seated on a matchbox
3. These two-weeks old penguins provide yet another amusing picture of these "almost human" creatures. The babies covered in black down, crawl along on their bellies while mother keeps a watchful eye on them
4. A rare albino rook. He was reared by a keeper at the London Zoo by hand and at the time this picture was taken was eight weeks old

Breakfast For Three

A Divorce Lawyer Takes A Lesson From A Woman On Circumstantial Evidence

By Holloway Horn

SIR JOHN GADDESDEN, K.C., M.P., was one of the greatest divorce lawyers of his generation. Suave, but quite ruthless, he could lead a witness, in the friendliest possible manner, from one damning admission to another. Between forty and fifty he was still extremely good-looking in his lean, taut way.

He spent most of his spare week-ends at Castle Bramley where the fishing is excellent. They knew him well at the Blue Bell Hotel and, excepting in the season, he frequently had the place to himself. The quiet loneliness was a pleasant contrast to his life in London, and, in any case, he was a man who appreciated his own company. It is, however, possible that those lonely week-ends may have given rise to the rather malicious rumours concerning his relations with Lady Gaddesden, which, for some time, had been in circulation.

It was Sir John's usual custom, after a week-end at Castle Bramley, to return to town on Sunday evening, but on this occasion he had stayed until the Monday. His table on the tiny terrace overlooked pleasant fields that sloped gently down to the river. Cows were feeding in the lush water-meadows. A peaceful scene, without one jarring note—a scene that Constable would have loved to paint. Sir John could think uninterruptedly of the difficult and important case he had in hand. The waiter knew exactly what he would have for breakfast—the meal never varied—and the service was a silent one.

His train of thought, however, was broken by a soft, Irish voice. He would have known it anywhere. He looked up with a start as the lady said: "Good morning, Sir John!"

She had come out of the hotel behind him and was standing looking down with a smile. She was sufficiently beautiful to have made famous the divorce case in which they had both taken part a few months before. She was far more

"HE'S been hanging about all the week-end," Mrs. Clissold said. "And now I'm afraid he's seen us having breakfast together. Isn't it awkward?"

beautiful that morning, with her smiling, deep-violet eyes.

"Er . . . good morning," he said.

"Do you mind if I share your table, Sir John?" she asked, and, without waiting for his permission, sat down. "It's the only one in the sunlight, and I so love the sun. Isn't it a heavenly morning? Aren't those cows out there just right?"

"Of course . . ." he said, and then as an after-thought added: "I'm glad you don't bear me personal ill-will, Mrs. Clissold. I was rather afraid that you might."

"Why should I?" she asked with a disarming smile.

"People do, you know," he said. "They are apt to overlook the fact that the man and the lawyer are quite different entities."

"I think I understand. You were appearing for my husband—my ill-used husband! You would not have done your duty if you had allowed the fact that we had met socially to interfere with your methods."

"I'm glad that you see it like that. Now that it's all over, I don't mind admitting that, in my personal capacity, I had very grave doubts."

"Tea and toast," the lady said to the waiter, and turned again to Sir John.

"You were speaking of doubts, Sir John. Surely you don't mean that you thought I might have been . . . innocent? Doesn't it sound old-fashioned . . . put like that?"

"That was precisely what I did mean, Mrs. Clissold," he replied in a slightly pompous tone.

"I don't think that anyone who listened to your cross-examination would have thought so. By the way," she went on in a different tone, "I've always wanted to apologize to you, Sir John."

"To me?" he said in surprise.

"Yes. For breaking down in that stupid way and making a scene."

"All in the day's work, Mrs. Clissold. It's my job to get at the truth."

"Quite," she agreed. "And the truth is frequently so elusive, isn't it? Ah! Here's my tea."

He watched her pour it out.

"I'm afraid I shall have to be going," he said, as if some sudden and not altogether pleasant idea had occurred to him.

"I rather want to talk to you, Sir John," she said, in a tone that had suddenly lost its pleasant softness. "If I were you, I shouldn't go for a few minutes."

"What d'you mean?" he demanded.

"You came down on Friday evening, I think?" she asked, meeting his startled gaze steadily.

"I did."

"So did I," she replied calmly.

"You've been here all the week-end?" he asked suspiciously. "Funny that I didn't see you."

"I didn't want you to. I never came down to breakfast until you had gone out. And I dined in my room."

"Um . . . so that business does still rankle!" he said, for her manner left little doubt as to what was in her mind.

"Not now," she replied, in her normal, pleasant voice. "Your room is No. 2?"

"Yes."

"Mine is No. 3. Did you notice that funny old door between them? So quaint, I thought."

He looked at her in silence for a moment. "What are you hinting at?" he demanded, in the tone she had last heard him use in the Law Courts.

Mrs. Clissold smiled. "You mustn't get restive under my questions," she said. "I was speaking of that door. It is locked, of course?"

"Of course!" he snapped.

"But the key is in it, on my side."

"Look here . . ." he began.

"You will be well advised not to get excited, Sir John. I understand that Lady Gaddesden has been a little—intolerant shall we say?—recently."

"I prefer not to discuss my wife," he said shortly.

"Quite. You know more about it than I do, of course, but I can't imagine anyone else sufficiently interested either in your movements or mine to have this place watched. For one thing I understand it is a fairly expensive proceeding."

She glanced towards the garden as she was speaking. His eyes followed hers. A man was strolling by in an elaborately casual way and glancing at them as he passed. He was dressed in rough tweeds and Sir John had noticed him the previous evening in the bar.

"He's been hanging about all the week-end," Mrs. Clissold said. "And now I'm afraid he's seen us having breakfast together. Isn't it awkward?" There was an impish look in her eyes as she asked the question.

"What's the game? Blackmail? I'm not standing for that, my lady. That will land you in prison."

"Don't be silly! You know perfectly well that financially I am exceedingly fortunate. You also know, apart from that, that it's not blackmail. You're a bully, Sir John, but you're not a fool. You know what the game is—I use your own phrase—as well as I do."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"The oldest game in the world—I'm getting my own back," she smiled. "It isn't often that a woman can. You don't, apparently, fully realize the completeness of the trap I've set for you. At night, when the chambermaid left my room, the key was in the door. In the morning it had been taken out. I left it on the dressing-table, so that she couldn't possibly overlook it. I'm afraid it isn't only fish you've caught this week-end, Sir John."

"It's all very cunning and clever, but it won't hold water," he replied, after a momentary contemplation of what she had said.

"No? But imagine what a clever lawyer—you, yourself, for example—would do with it! The thing that amused me was that it is so absurdly like my own case. Was it a coincidence that we stayed at this dull little place? You remember the questions you put in my case? You kept on and on about it. And then the bedrooms—just opposite one another. Why, even now I can remember how you harped on about the nearness of the bedrooms. In this case there is the key, and the door *between* our rooms. Already, I shouldn't be surprised if that fellow who has been watching us has ferreted out things from the chambermaid."

"It's a pretty plot!" he sneered.

"I'm so glad you see it like that; I did so want to do it well. Later on, when it's all over, I may tell Lady Gaddesden the truth. She will probably be most frightfully amused—if what I hear is correct."

Sir John frowned but was silent.

"Say what you like," she laughed. "I don't mind a bit if we quarrel. It would lend a touch of realism to the scene that would be simply perfect."

"My God, you must hate me to go to all this trouble," he said after another silence.

"You showed me how to set traps," she pointed out. "You did it again and again in that foul court. And yet, now that it doesn't matter, I can tell you that I was no more guilty of what you said than you are now. It *was* a coincidence that Tom Rivers and I were staying at that hotel at the same time. He was *not* my lover. The poor fellow asked me to marry him after the affair was all over, but I refused. So you see, Sir John, it is simply a case, as I said, of getting my own back.

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

"And I'm going to be as merciless as you were," she went on evenly. "If your lawyer puts me in the box he will get far less of the truth out of me than you did. I'm a more experienced witness now, of course. I may even break down again. I'm certain I could do it now far more effectively than I did when I couldn't help myself. And when it's finished you'll have to ask me to marry you, I'm afraid. That's the cream of the joke."

Sir John snorted.

"You will," she insisted. "Otherwise, you might just as well retire from Parliament. The women voters actually outnumber the men in your constituency. And we should be front-page news. The electorate is always so sentimental. But I shall have to refuse you and that will be worse. So whatever happens, as far as politics are concerned, you're almost finished, I'm afraid."

"It's an ingenious plot," he admitted thoughtfully. "But the people here know me. You have my permission to do your worst. And if I may say so to a lady, to go to the devil."

"The people here? My dear Sir John, they never saw you after ten o'clock—and they never saw me. And there remains the connecting door. And the essential witness will be the chambermaid—a very nice, understanding girl! She is leaving here in a day or so, anyway. She *quite* understands."

"I'll face it. And I'll break you," he said with sudden fierceness.

She smiled and shook her head. "Bullying isn't going to do any good this time, Sir John. You see, I've nothing to lose. As a matter of fact, you will be ill-advised if you contest the matter at all. It will simply make you look like a cad. Think it out. Think of the attitude I can adopt in the witness-box—remembering that I don't care a damn—now—what people think of me. No. The little plot is perfect. Why, the headlines themselves will be worth all the bother. Fancy going down to your constituency and talking about ordinary politics after a few really interesting headlines! There's that fellow again! Isn't he *thorough*? And he's really far too good-looking for a job like this."

Sir John glanced at the man outside, who immediately looked away.

"And it will be so difficult, in the future, for you to put those unpleasant questions to people, won't it? Some of them might even smile—which would make the jury smile as well—and that would never do!"

"Madam, I bid you good morning," said Sir John, rising. "I think you'll find you've bitten off more than you can chew."

"MADAM, I bid you good morning," said Sir John, rising, "I think you'll find you've bitten off more than you can chew"

"But I've bitten off nothing," she protested.

"I didn't know that you knew my wife," he said thoughtfully.

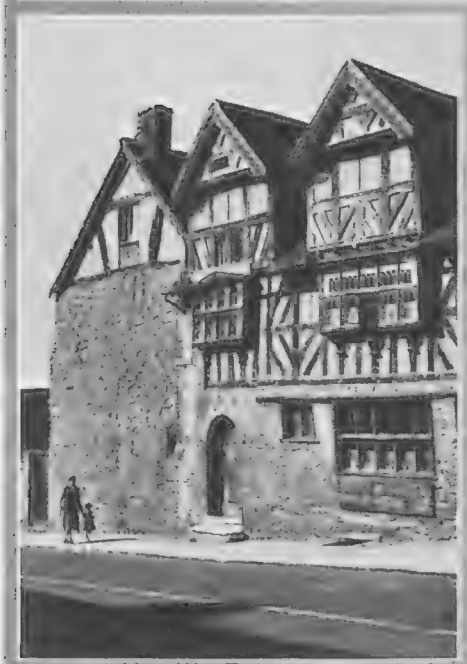
"Did I say that I did?"

"No. But I imagine that you have concocted this plot with her."

"Do you think you could persuade a British jury to believe that? Why, it isn't even plausible. You know, people will be most frightfully amused. Indeed, the more I think of it the funnier it becomes. You couldn't even conduct your own case. Just fancy your cross-examining me about this meal! I should (*Continued on page* 64)

CASTLE LODGE, THIS HANDSOME SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY STONE AND HALF-TIMBERED BUILDING NEARLY WENT TO AMERICA TO BE RE-ERECTED THERE

THE "BULL INN," LUDLOW. A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF THE OLD BLACK AND WHITE BUILDINGS OF JACOBEAN DAYS



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF JACOBEAN BLACK AND WHITE BUILDING IS LANE'S ASYLUM, OLD STREET

THE "FEATHERS HOTEL," DATED 1603, IS ONE OF THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF ENGLISH INNS

THE HOUSE OF THE TOWN PREACHER AND LECTURER IN OLD STREET BEARS THE DATE 1611

An Old English Town

The Beauty of Ludlow

By Reece Winston

THE old town of Ludlow, Shropshire, by the sheer beauty of its picturesque setting and coloured by its romantic history, has many medieval buildings left for the visitor to enjoy.

The Saxon foundation of the town is somewhat obscure, but with the building of the Norman Castle in 1090, the walled (*Continued on page* 61)

(ON RIGHT) THE HEIGHTS OF WHITCLIFFE GIVE THIS FINE VIEW OF LUDLOW CASTLE, THE RIVER TEME AND DINHAM BRIDGE

The Curse Of Fort Kutan

An Episode Of The North-West Frontier

By Garnett Ratcliffe

KURRAM HAITHAN BAKSH was a tribesman, a Waziri Pathan of huge stature, a "dacoit" whose cunning ferocity had made him notorious

IT was night on the North-West Frontier and there was no moon. When he judged the hour was ripe Kurram Haithan Baksh left his cave much after the fashion of a man-eating tiger sallying forth to seek a meal. He was a tribesman, a Waziri Pathan of huge stature, a *dacoit* whose cunning and ferocity had gained for him in that portion of the Furious Gomal the nickname of the "Curse of Fort Kutan." The cave he had left was a mere slit in the rock on the side of a precipitous hill, a place known only to the goats and vultures and occasional snow-leopards with whom the outlaw shared its solitude.

This night his blood-lust had driven him to visit Fort Kutan yet again. Moving silently as only a cat or a Waziri Pathan can he crossed the shale-covered slope fronting the cave until he could drop into the even denser darkness of a dried-up nullah. Here, like the good soldier he might have been had not Kismet decreed that he should become a *dacoit*, he made a rapid check of his equipment. His rifle, the clips of ammunition and the Khyber knife he carried in a heavy belt strapped bandolier-wise over his *poshteen* (sheep-skin coat), the thongs securing his grass-soled sandals and the amulet containing a verse from the Koran knotted round his neck. Neglecting to attend to such matters had caused the downfall of men not better than Kurram Haithan Baksh (that would have been impossible since he knew himself to be the strongest, bravest and most cunning man in all the Furious Gomal which is to say in all the world), but men who had been almost equally good.

The nullah was deep, narrow and strewn with loose boulders. Where a white man would have had to pick a painful course in the darkness the *dacoit* strode with an assurance of a tiger on its own pad. A natural killer, swift, ruthless and utterly without mercy he was the most dangerous thing that roamed the hills that night.

Fort Kutan was his objective. It was a blockhouse with massive stone walls perched on a spur overlooking the Pur-Kutan caravan route. Useless against modern artillery, in the Furious Gomal it served its purpose. The walls were proof against sniper's bullets and thick enough to afford shelter from both the savagery of the midday sun and the biting cold of the Frontier nights. They sheltered a small garrison whose duty it was to keep the flag of the British Raj flying above the heads of the traders from Afghanistan and Persia who used the road and to guard them from the depredations of the Gomal *dacoits* of whom Kurram Haithan Baksh was the uncrowned king.

For some reason the Pathan had always hated Fort Kutan; possibly because it was the largest edifice he had ever seen and because he sensed in it a challenge to his own supremacy. Whatever the cause he had, with a consistency unusual in one of his race, made the fort at once his larder and his killing-ground. When he wanted a rifle or ammunition or when his innate blood-lust craved the stalking and knifing of a white man it was Fort Kutan he visited. Thus he had won the nickname of the "Curse of Fort Kutan" which tickled his colossal vanity. It was to uphold his right to that nickname that he was wont to visit the fort after a change of garrison,

creep serpent-wise to the wire and shout so that nervous sentries jumped and clutched their rifles.

"Ho, ho, dogs of the Raj," he would shout. "Hearken to the voice of Kurram Haithan Baksh Bahadur who is the Curse of Fort Kutan. To-night you may sleep in peace, but within a week I will return to claim the life of an infidel."

As well might the sentries have fired at the shadow of a lizard. Safe in the darkness the *dacoit* would laugh as he listened. Though he had never heard the phrase "a war of nerves," that was what he practised to perfection.

This night, however, he meant business. A rifle and as much ammunition as he could safely carry was what he had planned to steal, for just then such things were almost worth their weight in silver on the Gomal Border. And if any infidel should come between him and his booty he would kill him and give praise to Allah who had created the opportunity.

AT last he had reached a point where he could see Fort Kutan, a darker square against the star-studded sky. If his progress before had been like that of a stalking tiger, it now resembled that of a serpent as, having divested himself of his outer clothes and hidden them in a cave, he crawled across the boulder-strewn *maidan* to the foot of the spur on which the fort stood.

There was a cliff too steep for anyone save a Waziri Pathan or a Commando. Knife between teeth and rifle slung across his back the *dacoit* ascended easily and swiftly like a monstrous spider. Once on the top a swift, serpent-like crawl brought him to the wire that was the outer defence of Fort Kutan.

Here he paused to listen. At once he perceived that an unusual silence hung over the fort. There were no voices, no tramp of sentries. The building that had throbbed with life was now wrapped in tomb-like silence.

Kurram Haithan Baksh was puzzled

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.

and a little uneasy. Pathans like cats resent the unusual and he scented a trap. For one moment he even thought of abandoning his attempt, but his vanity urged him on.

Without a sound and without scratching his oiled body he insinuated himself through the wire where a man ignorant of the ways of the Frontier thieves would have sworn it was impossible for anyone to pass. No voice challenged him; look where he would he could see no sign of a sentry. The silence daunted him more than a shot would have done and he thought yet again of retreat.

Then another thought came and he grinned wolfishly in the darkness.

"Perhaps the infidels of the British Raj have heard of my coming and have fled! Or perhaps they are all dead of fright! Ho, ho! Small blame to them since I am Kurram Haithan Baksh Bahadur, the Curse of Fort Kutan and the cleverest *dacoit* in the whole of the Gomal."

He crawled forward till he lay close to the wall of the fort and again he listened. His senses, though keen as the senses of a hunting owl, could not discern any sign of life.

Fearful of a trap as a jackal he waited, his body tense for flight and his head cocked to catch the faintest sound. At last he picked up a stone and jerked it upwards so that it dropped on the blockhouse roof.

HAD there been a sentry at the accustomed post near the flagpole, he must have been drawn to investigate by the clang of the stone striking some metal object. But the *dacoit* heard no challenge, no sound of steps. There was only that uncanny, baffling silence that was beginning to prey upon his nerves.

At last he nerved himself to ascend the wall, using interstices left by the crumbling mortar as foot and finger holds. In a matter of seconds he had reached the roof. There was no sentry. A Vickers gun that had been mounted where it could command the road was gone.

HE fancied he heard whispers, mocking laughter and soft footsteps. It was as if the ghosts of sentries he had stalked and murdered were now seeking their revenge

So the English had really fled. He, Kurram Haithan Baksh Bahadur, was master of the fort whence he had banished his enemies.

At the thought a sort of frenzy of triumph came over the *dacoit*. He flung his arms above his head and shouted his triumph to the indifferent stars.

"Great is Kurram Haithan Baksh Bahadur! Ho, ho, you dogs of the British Raj! Single-handed I have driven you forth. I have captured Fort Kutan and am now the king of the Gomal!"

The distant howl of a jackal answered. The *dacoit* yelled again and flung back a trapdoor giving ingress to the interior of the fort.

A MOMENT later he was inside the fort. It was dark and empty as a haunted church at midnight.

Curious and still half fearful of a trap he groped his way to what had been the men's sleeping quarters. Contrary to army custom the place had not been swept and tidied when the garrison had left. All the beds, furniture and stores had been removed, but the floors were dusty, littered with empty tins, cigarette ends and old newspapers.

By the checkered light falling through the loopholes the Pathan felt his way from room to room. In the empty silence his exultation had died, and he was curious and apprehensive like a wild animal that has ventured into an empty house.

And then, as if he were wading into cold water, fear began to creep over him. He was as superstitious as he was vain and his imagination began to play tricks. The thought came that though the living men had gone the fort might still be garrisoned by the ghosts of the men he had killed. He fancied he heard whispers, mocking laughter and soft footsteps. It was as if the ghosts of sentries he had stalked and murdered were now seeking their revenge.

Cold sweat ran down his body. He began to turn in the darkness, his knife raised as if he were fending off invisible enemies. The whispers, the laughter, the feet seemed to draw closer. He thought he saw pale faces mocking him in the darkness and a moan of awful terror escaped his lips.

And then he scented Death. His knife dropped and he stood paralysed. With the instinct of an animal he knew that he who had so often summoned Death to Fort Kutan was about to be claimed himself.

Something, it might have been a bat, brushed his face like a hand and the spell broke. He sprang for the ladder that led to the roof, but as he did so the ground rocked, there was a great blaze of light and he was lifted and swept away by invisible hands. . . .

HALF a mile along the Pur-Kutan road stood a van belonging to the sappers and miners. Inside there was a detonating plant by which mines could be electrically exploded at a safe distance.

At the exact moment the *dacoit* had sprung for the ladder a sergeant had pressed a key that would touch-off mines buried in Fort Kutan. The obsolete fort was being demolished by request of the new Pakistan military authorities who had decided not to garrison the blockhouse after the departure of the British. The demolition had had to be done at night so as not to delay the caravans on the Pur-Kutan road.

The sergeant heard the distant roar that heralded the passing of Fort Kutan. He turned to his mate and laughed.

"Good riddance to that old dump!" he said. "I only wish the blooming curse had been blown up with it!"

His wish had been granted.

END

THE sergeant heard the distant roar that heralded the passing of Fort Kutan. He turned to his mate and laughed. "Good riddance to that old dump," he said

HOLIDAYS, long evenings and fine week-ends present us all with some gratuitous leisure, "time to stare" and to spend on things which are a pleasure and not a necessity. Leisure is too precious to fritter away. Use it to do those things that you are always meaning to do, and never seem to get around to. For instance . . .

Explore your native heath. Most of us are incredibly ignorant of the glories of our national inheritance. People come from the ends of the earth to see things that we have never seen ourselves. What, you 've never been to the Tower of London or sailed through the Pool of London on a summer evening? There you are, you see.

Take a look at England's lovely gardens. They are a refreshment to the eye and balm to the spirit. Private "show" gardens are open to the public throughout the summer. Write to the Queen's Institute of District Nursing for details of the famous gardens open to view in your own county.

Cook a slap-up meal. All the fancy dishes that you love and never have time to plan. Share it with one or two people you have been wanting to impress.

Start a reading programme. Start on the books you know you *ought* to have read and haven't. Some of the classics which seemed so dull when you were at school reveal astonishing attractions to the maturer mind.

Have your photograph taken ready for Christmas presents. Make a good job of it now you have time to get your hair fixed, to wear your prettiest summer gown.

Go to a beauty salon and have a facial. Find out, once and for all, what it can do for you. At the same time, get professional advice about which cosmetic colours suit you best.

Change the furniture around. Don't try to explain the fascination of this domestic upheaval to the men in the house, just do it.

Make a pot of coffee and retire to your bedroom for a few hours and run through your clothes. See what you can do about them and how you can pep up the old-look ones while you have time on your hands.

Get rid of accumulated correspondence. Answer those letters from people who are better correspondents than you. If the effort appals you, borrow a typewriter.

MARGARET STEPHENSON.

NON-PRIORITY FURNISHING

THOUGH supplies of Utility furniture are now partially decontrolled, there is no absolute assurance that purchasers without docket priority will be fully supplied. For many people, therefore, the search for furniture which is free of control and available still goes on. The choice is limited, but there *is* furniture of this type to be had at a not-unreasonable cost.

Since the manufacture of wood furniture is still restricted to Utility designs, off-the-ration pieces are confined to metal and plastic varieties, both of which are combined with wood veneers. The photographs on this page are proof enough that metal used as a term in relation to furnishing has a new significance. In many cases it can hardly be recognised as such. Aluminium, with a painted finish, is largely used for the framework, with wood veneer as a facing. This furniture is light and durable and far removed from the functional tubular furniture with which we have so long associated the term " metal furniture."

Period furniture cannot be excluded from a survey of non-priority pieces. The high cost of the rarer pieces puts this type of furnishing scheme out of reach for many, but there are many lesser antiques of the Eighteenth Century which are not beyond the means of the average pocket. Those who are willing to hunt for bargains have the satisfaction of knowing that any purchase of this kind can be regarded as an accumulating investment.

WINIFRED LEWIS.

1. An oak bookcase secretaire and a metal-frame wing chair combine with a divan to furnish a bed-sitter.

2. Bent iron table and chairs, painted in two colours with yellow corduroy cushions make practical, and portable units for a breakfast recess or for verandah and garden use.

3. Furniture of the Eighteenth Century is sometimes costly, but the lesser heirlooms are still to be found at a cost within the means of the average purchaser.

4. Luxuriously comfortable wing chairs upholstered with tweed or satin are constructed on light metal frames.

5. Painted aluminium makes the framework of a dining-room suite, with a facing of walnut veneer.

6. Plastic furniture with a wood veneer. This sideboard and table can be had with either walnut or mahogany veneer. Furniture shown is by courtesy of Heal and Sons.

MATTRESS CARE

THE secret of keeping a top mattress or overlay in good condition is to turn it regularly, one day from head to foot, the next from side to side. Hair or wool mattresses should be turned every day to allow the filling to settle evenly ; spring mattresses once a week. Strip the bed each morning, and leave as long as convenient before remaking to allow the fibres time to expand after having been compressed all night.

Stand each mattress before an open, sunny window once every two or three months, as an anti-moth precaution. Brush well, especially under the tufts, where moths are most likely to breed, and spray with liquid D.D.T. Once a year, all mattresses should be taken out of doors and beaten or vacuumed.

Loose covers can be made of any washable material, but they should fit loosely, otherwise they will wear out the mattress instead of preserving it. Lost tufts can be replaced with small bunches of wool to prevent the twine cutting the ticking.

"The Look" In Wool

MATERIALS : 9 ozs. of " Lavenda " 3-ply ; one pair each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles ; No. 12 crochet hook ; 6 buttons ; collar ; 1 yard of tartan ribbon ; belt.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 22 ins. ; all round underarms, 34 ins. ; underarm sleeve seam, 7 ins.

TENSION : 9 sts. to 1 in.

ABBREVIATIONS : *k.* = *knit* ; *p.* = *purl* ; *st.* = *stitch* ; *sts.* = *stitches* ; *dec.* = *decrease* ; *inc.* = *increase* ; *tog.* = *together* ; *beg.* = *beginning.*

THE BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 164 sts. Rib 2 rows k. 1, p. 1. Change to stocking stitch (1 row k., 1 row p.). Work 1 in., ending on a purl row.

Next row.—(K. 20, k. 3 tog.) 3 times. K. 26 (k. 3 tog., k. 20) 3 times. Work 13 rows stocking stitch.

Next row.—K. 19 (k. 3 tog., k. 18) twice. K. 3 tog., k. 24 (k. 3 tog., k. 18) twice. K. 3 tog., k. 19. Work 13 rows stocking stitch.

Next row.—K. 18 (k. 3 tog., k. 16) twice. K. 3 tog., k. 22 (k. 3 tog., k. 16) twice. K. 3 tog., k. 18. Work 13 rows stocking stitch.

Next row.—K. 17 (k. 3 tog., k. 14) twice. K. 3 tog., k. 20 (k. 3 tog., k. 14) twice. K. 3 tog., k. 17. Work 13 rows stocking stitch.

Next row.—K. 16 (k. 3 tog., k. 12) twice. K. 3 tog., k. 18 (k. 3 tog., k. 12) twice. K. 3 tog., k. 16. Work 5 rows stocking stitch.

Change to No. 12 needles. Rib ½ in. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles. Work 8 rows. Increase 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 124 sts. Continue without shaping until work measures 15 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 ins. (*Continued on page* 66)

Striped And Ruched

MATERIALS : 4 ozs. of Munrospun " Glenesk " 2-ply in black ; ½ oz. of Munrospun " Glenesk " 2-ply in pink ; one pair each of No. 12, No. 10 and No. 7 needles ; 3 buttons ; No. 12 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins. ; all round underarms, 34 ins. ; underarm seams of sleeves, 6 ins.

TENSION : For No. 10 needles 10 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 12 needles and black wool cast on 100 sts. Rib 2½ ins. k. 1, p. 1, increasing in every stitch of the last row only (200 sts.). Work as follows :

1st row.—Change to pink wool and No. 7 needles. Knit to end.

2nd row.—Purl. Repeat rows 1 and 2 five times.

13th row.—With No. 12 needles and black wool k. 2 tog. to end of row (100 sts.).

14th to 19th rows.—k. 1, p. 1, rib.

20th row.—Purl twice into every stitch (200 sts.). These 20 rows form Ruched pattern. Continue until 8th row of the fourth pink stripe.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 10 sts. very tightly at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Work until the 1st row of the sixth black ribbed stripe.

SHAPE NECK

Rib 33, cast off 14, rib 33. Continue on the last 33 sts., casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next two neck-edge rows. Continue without shaping until 8 rows of the next pink stripe has been completed. (*Continued on page* 66)

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

A Brief Guide For Mothers With Daughters In Search Of Fame.

By Rosemary Lock

THE clarion call of journalism sounds in the ears of many thousands of young women. What are the chances for the average competitor ?

These are difficult times for a break into journalism. The reduction in the size of newspapers and periodicals has so minimised the demand for writers that experienced journalists find it difficult to find the fullest outlet for their activities. Nevertheless, there is room in every profession for real talent.

For a newspaper journalist of either sex, the recognised jumping-off ground is in local newspaper work. Here the young aspirant will learn to distinguish a yearning for literary expression from a success-making intuition for what the public likes to read. From here, if she is gifted enough and tough enough to follow an exacting job calling for self-confidence, a razor-sharp mentality and a professional life which knows no conventional hours of work, she may hope to graduate to one of the bigger dailies.

There is a wider field of activity for women in periodical journalism. The lowest rung on the editorial staff of a women's weekly or monthly periodical is the only possible beginning. Jobs are few and aspirants are many. To fulfill the requirements of such a post she will need an acute and sensitive appreciation of the needs and interests of women of all classes. She will be required to build up, with long experience, an intimate and practical knowledge on the widest variety of subjects of feminine interest. It is an exacting but rewarding life. If you have professional confirmation of your own opinion that your daughter has promise as a writer—and not otherwise—encourage her ambition ; but don't be misled by her own conviction that she " could write." The world is full of people who entertain that baseless illusion.

THE lure of beautiful clothes attracts many young hopefuls to thoughts of a career as a mannequin. If your daughter's fancy inclines in this direction, seek the advice of a good commercial photographer, who will tell you, without prejudice, whether or not she is photogenic (a pretty face is not necessarily so) and if she has the proportions for modelling clothes professionally.

If she passes this preliminary test she must be coached at a Model School in Deportment and in the difficult technique of wearing clothes before crowds and cameras. If she is successful as a trainee she can obtain (*Continued on page* 62)

What Is Your Mileage?

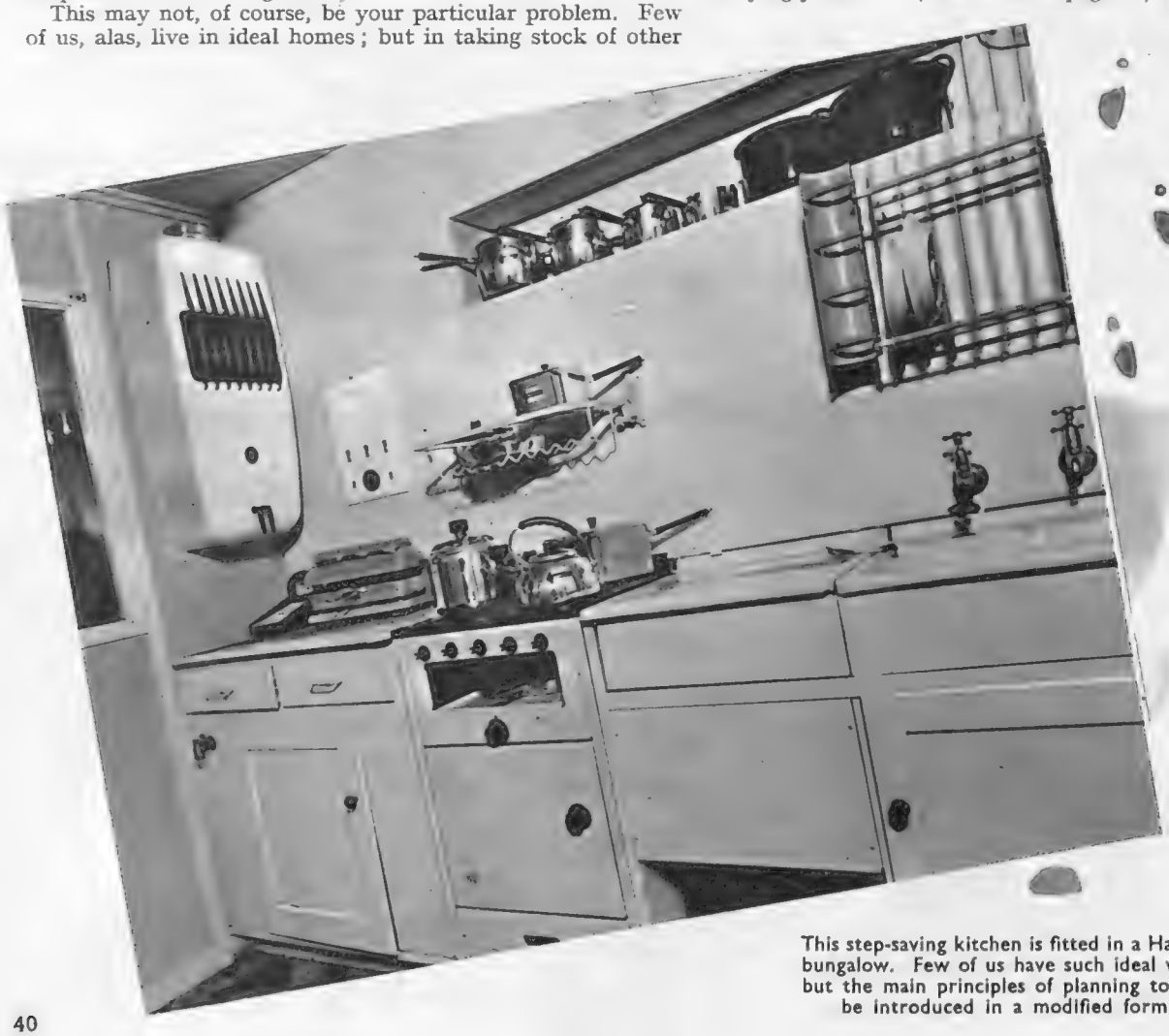
INCREASINGLY one meets with women who confess to being always tired and yet conscious that their homes are imperfect even in the essential, everyday sense. I sometimes wonder whether this fatigue is as inevitable as we have grown to think of late. Homes to-day are apt to make the same sort of demands as a baby at its most exacting age, but perhaps, like the baby's, its demands just cannot be fulfilled all the time, all along the line. We should recognise this truth and sometimes deliberately " call it a day," leaving the less pressing tasks to go unfulfilled, caring less about the imperfections of the home in the interests of placidity.

Fatigue has two aspects, the physical and the emotional. We should therefore tackle the home on a scientific basis that admits both. There are days when one starts at the top of the house, working slickly downwards—or vice-versa, and others when it is up and down all the time, getting in the way of your own achievement; days when the mileage seems formidable in consequence of getting up if you sit down, or fetching things you have overlooked.

It helps to take stock of the times and days of the week when this most often happens. Can you replan the day's jobs, or stagger one of them into a less-crowded day? Can you arrange your kitchen, or your rooms, or even meals? Sunday used to be a perfect nightmare in my home—a day of meals running one into another until we abolished lunch. Also its washing-up! A few snack ingredients are set on a trolley and each member of the family prepares his or her snack—as and when they want it. Sunday supper sees a more rested and, I hope, companionable hostess to the frequent comers and goers.

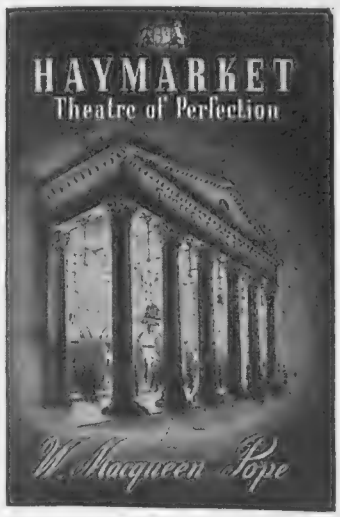
This may not, of course, be your particular problem. Few of us, alas, live in ideal homes; but in taking stock of other homes, look carefully at the planning sequence of the more scientifically-planned ones. It may be possible to adopt a modified layout on similar lines to save you retracing your steps too much. Sinks are often the great bugbear of older homes. They are too low, or lights are in the wrong place. A new, long flex to the light and a small staple in the ceiling may make it possible to carry the light over to a better place.

What do you count as your most trying jobs? (*Continued on page 66*)



This step-saving kitchen is fitted in a Hawksley prefabricated bungalow. Few of us have such ideal work centres as this, but the main principles of planning to save movement can be introduced in a modified form in most homes.

Theatre In The Hay

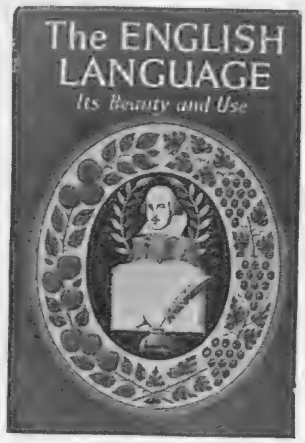


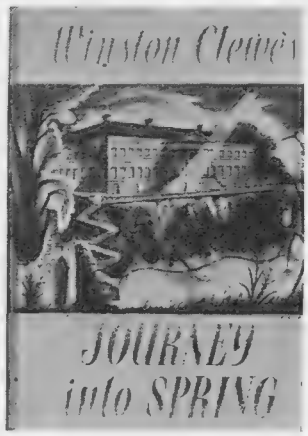
THE Haymarket Theatre has seen 226 years of chequered history, yet to our leading stage chronicler, Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope, it remains the place it was when Fielding fought for freedom there, Cibber used it to defy Drury Lane, Foote flouted the law, Liston raised laughs, "Romeo" Coates made an ass of himself, Buckstone and Sothern popularized Dundreary whiskers, and Tree did *Trilby*. Coates, the Regency eccentric, was certainly a high spot. He played Romeo in an opera hat, rose up from his death scene so that he could die comfortably with it under his head, and from beginning to end put the whole house into fits. Another high spot was the riot against imported French players, when the curtain rose to disclose them standing between two files of British Grenadiers with fixed bayonets. Unable to get a hearing for their play, they tried dancing—until an avalanche of peas from the audience sent them skidding all over the stage !

"Haymarket: Theatre of Perfection" (W. H. Allen, 17s. 6d.) is a triumphal cavalcade of plays, stars and managers old and new, liberally illustrated, by one born to write theatre history.

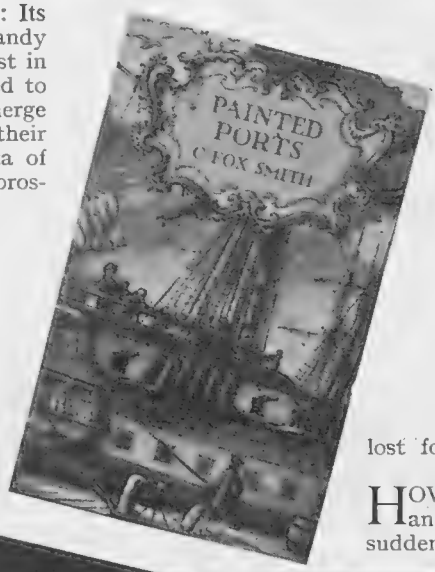
Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

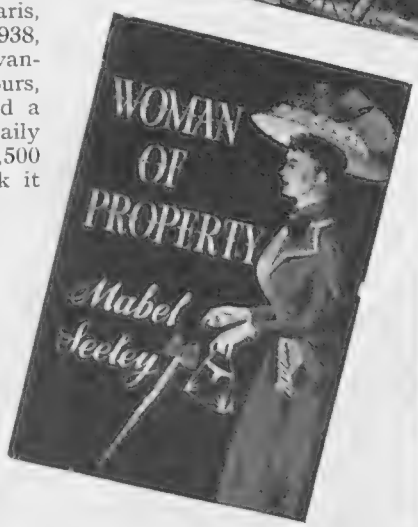




HAVE something to say and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style," wrote Matthew Arnold. It also seems to be the idea underlying **"The English Language: Its Beauty and Use"** (Odhams, 7s. 6d.), a handy guide to the correct use of words and the best in our literature. Perhaps one may be permitted to lift an eyebrow when the Victorian poets emerge as "those bearded, solemn figures, sitting in their gloomy studies, milling out their daily quota of verses," and it is said of them: "Material prosperity bloated them out to a florid complacency." While they are scuttling back with their frockcoat tails between their legs, let us hasten to add that the 384 pages are concisely helpful to both reader and student-writer and remarkable value at the price.



WHEN an expert gossiper like Mr. Charles Graves goes to the Riviera he gets *stories*. A peach in **"The Riviera Revisited"** (Evans, 15s.) concerns two Spanish noblewomen who came to the Hotel de Paris, Monte Carlo, in September, 1938, with a suite of servants who vanished after twenty-four hours, except for a French chef and a chauffeur. Their average daily bill for food and wine was 5,500 francs (about £32); one week it totalled 80,000 francs. The food was provided at 8 p.m., eaten during the night until 4 a.m. An Englishman in an adjoining room counted 168 plates going in with a dinner of nine steaks, nine chickens, eighteen trout, nine sweetbreads, twenty-six bottles of Vittel, five of champagne, and thirty-two peaches. For whom? Certain people hidden there for military or political reasons? Three days before war came they left suddenly. . . . A sunny book with fine photographs and all the practical facts and prices the visitor needs to know.



SARTORIALLY, would you call the Perfect Lady a Victorian? Mr. C. Willett Cunnington, Hon. Adviser to the Gallery of English Costume, Manchester, dates her ascent from 1815 to the Great Exhibition of '51, her summit from then till about 1880, and thence her decline down to the 1914 war. In **"The Perfect Lady"** (Max Parrish, 10s. 6d.) he illustrates his witty exposition with charming colour photographs of modern models in period costume—or undies—and line drawings. Women will adore the costume plates; the others left me gasping. . . . Was it possible that once, long ago, the Perfect Lady actually . . . well . . . (See pages 32-33, including "Red for Danger? Underclothing of the Sixties.")

WITH the third volume of her war diary—**"The Seven Thunders"** (Faber, 21s.)—Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin completes a day-to-day history of permanent value. In this she steps out of her South African detachment to visit the Nuremberg Trial and learns from their jail commandant that while Keitel was a model prisoner who scrubbed his cell floor every morning, Ribb. was not. "Look at Ribbentrop's basin. Look at that black rim. Look at the dirt. You have to be after Ribbentrop all the time. He doesn't know what it means to be clean. He is the dirtiest of all the prisoners." A surprising slant on the brusque diplomat of Carlton House Terrace! As for Goering: "He was to pieces with drugs . . . he cried if you spoke to him. We spent three months curing him." She covers the final phase in the West, the atomic knock-out in the East, with a shrewd eye for the essential.

MISS DORIS LESLIE is no colour-blind writer of historical fiction. She lays it on *impasto* in **"Wreath for Arabella"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.), a bionovel of the Lady Arabella Stuart, first cousin to James I, who was heiress to a large estate, incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure over a projected marriage to the Duke of Lennox, figured in a succession plot, was finally committed to the Tower and lost her reason. A throne lost for love is a theme the author handles well.

HOW often we read of women living hermit lives and wonder what happened to make them suddenly withdraw from the (*Continued on page* 68)

In Search of

GLAMOUR

A very famous Hollywood director was talking to me about a well-known screen star. He mentioned that in her latest films she had been turned into a finished actress, and no one had paid much attention to her good looks. "Now the poor girl doesn't know whether to behave as if she is pretty or not."

"Is she very pretty?" I asked.

"She is not a great beauty but of course she is pretty if she is made to feel pretty."

What the director said about the star is of course true of most women and, to prove it, you only have to watch the way that women wear new fashions. A woman who is absolutely convinced that the New Look becomes her wears it well and convinces you that the fashion has come to stay. The woman who feels self-conscious looks utterly ridiculous.

Jane Gordon

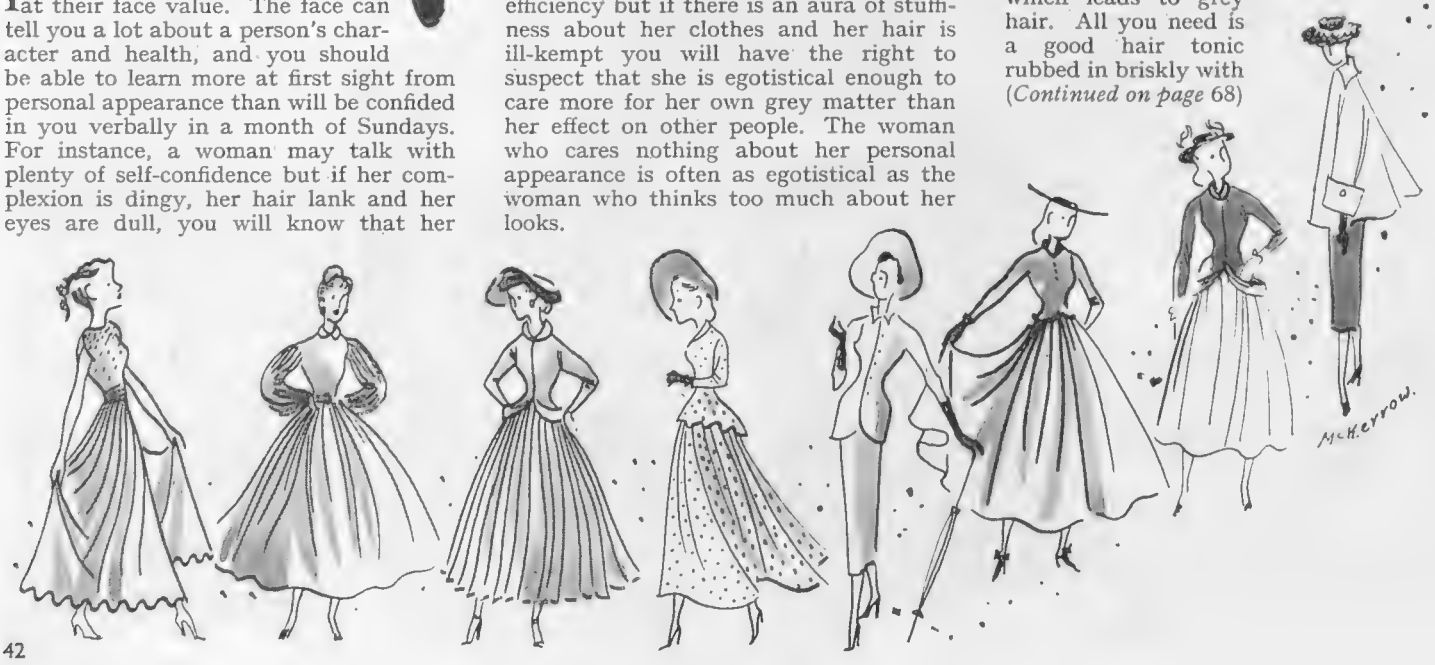
IT is not a bad thing to take people at their face value. The face can tell you a lot about a person's character and health, and you should be able to learn more at first sight from personal appearance than will be confided in you verbally in a month of Sundays. For instance, a woman may talk with plenty of self-confidence but if her complexion is dingy, her hair lank and her eyes are dull, you will know that her health is below par and, moreover, that she is either too ignorant or too indifferent to pay attention to it. A pretty girl may have a discontented mouth which no amount of lipstick will ever hide. A clever woman may hold certificates to prove her efficiency but if there is an aura of stuffiness about her clothes and her hair is ill-kempt you will have the right to suspect that she is egotistical enough to care more for her own grey matter than her effect on other people. The woman who cares nothing about her personal appearance is often as egotistical as the woman who thinks too much about her looks.

A well-groomed woman can safely be taken at her face value because good grooming does not depend on money. It can only be achieved by an intelligent woman with good taste. The well-groomed woman does not even depend on her good looks. She makes the best of herself and no one can do more than that. This is the type who faces facts. She is too wise to fool herself. She knows her weak points and how to minimize them and she has enough self-discipline to prevent her from being careless.

Here are a few tips which you may care to take at their face value.

The best beauty aid is one of those double-sided face glasses which has a magnifying mirror on one side. This mirror will give you danger signals long before they can be seen by the most critical naked eye. The magnifying mirror will show you when the hair first begins to fade a little at the temples. At this beginning stage it is easy enough to counteract the incipient loss of colour which leads to grey hair. All you need is a good hair tonic rubbed in briskly with

(*Continued on page* 68)



What would you do?

There are two ways out of every tight situation, the right and the wrong way. In some instances, opinions vary as to what is the right solution. We have taken a consensus of opinion on the best solutions to each of the tight situations that follow. Use your own judgment and then turn to page 61 and see if you are on the side of our Brains Trust

1. You find yourself in a strange town, out of money for your fare home and far from people who know you. Do you pawn your watch; ask somebody for credit; sit on a bench while you wire home for money, or go to the police?

2. A recent acquaintance has invited you to a party. You have no idea of the set-up and whether you are expected to dress informally or otherwise. Would you take a chance and wear your best party duds, or ring up and ask your hostess whether you are to wear party clothes or not?

Your girl friend's husband is paying you marked attention

3. The same problem in different aspect. Arriving at a party in your party clothes, you find the other guests dressed informally. Would you make your excuses to the assembly; apologize in private to your hostess and say nothing to anyone else; make your excuses and go home; or would you just ignore the whole thing?

4. In a friend's home you are invited to play bridge for stakes which are beyond your means. Would you play and silently embrace the prospect of bankruptcy to save your face; develop a bilious attack and retire to a safe distance; or frankly reveal your financial limitations and ask to be excused?

5. At a social gathering your girl friend's husband is paying you marked attention and there can be no doubt that she is taking a very poor view. Would you go home, thus publicising your tactfulness, which will anger her more; explain to her that you have no designs on her man, or hint to him privately and without rancour that he is endangering his wife's good opinion of you?

6. At your place of business you are offered the chance to take over another person's work besides your own at an increased salary. On the principle that it is difficult to do two things at once and do both of them well, would you refuse the offer and forego the money; take a chance on things working out somehow and accept, or try the experiment and cover yourself with a warning to your employers that if your efficiency is impaired there must be no reflection upon you?

You are invited to play bridge for stakes which are beyond your means

You arrive dressed to the nines

7. You have been introduced to a man whose acquaintance you would like to cultivate. His first invitation is to spend an evening at a Brahms concert, whereas your own tastes lean in the direction of Bing Crosby. Would you make a clean breast of it and suggest another sort of entertainment, thus risking his good opinion of you, or would you simulate interest in Brahms and hope that your further acquaintance may compensate for your lack of musical culture?

8. You are conversing with someone with whose identity you are quite familiar, but whose name for the moment escapes you, when you are joined by a third party. Do you ignore the necessity for an introduction; mumble the introduction or confess your temporary lapse of memory?

Twelve Good

BEAUTY is as much as anything a matter of routine; careful, regular, intelligent routine. A habitual routine saves time and trouble, so I am giving you twelve good habits for beauty, all of them simple and none of them costly. Follow them until they come as naturally as the habits of cleaning your teeth and taking your bath.

1 Make a habit of removing cleansing cream at night with a face flannel wrung out of warm water. Cleanse especially round the nose or other "porey" parts of the face. Close pores with a cold-water splash or by using a mild astringent.

2 Drink two glasses of hot water last thing at night and first thing in the morning. It will help to flush out a tired, sluggish system and keep away skin blemishes and bilious attacks.

3 Wash your own hair occasionally, even if you have it professionally set. This is an excellent habit because it provides an opportunity to give yourself a scalp massage with a specially medicated shampoo. You can also give it two or three really good rinses in softening water (a pinch of powdered borax will do) as well as a final lemon or vinegar rinse.

4 Give yourself a regular pedicure and, in between whiles, visit a chiropodist for a check-up. Many foot ailments are caused through toe-nails being incorrectly cut. Foot clinics are everywhere now and are inexpensive, well-run places. Keep your feet fit and tread on air.

5 Make a habit of choosing a new corset-belt with care. Your foundation should fit and feel like a second skin. Choose a flexible material that will confine your figure, but yield to every movement you make. Shun anything that you cannot sit, bend and be really comfortable in. Good foundations are more plentiful now and the hunt is not so desperate as it was.

6 Remember your neck and throat when making up with a tinted foundation. Now that necks are more decolleté, attention must be paid to the exposed part. Cleanse and nourish it with cream and give it a touch of the foundation you use on the face and a dusting of powder to achieve an all-in-one harmonious effect.

Acquire the good beauty habits of Geraldine Brooks and Lila Leeds, Warner Bros. players

At top of page: Fifty strokes of the brush, night and morning, are essential for hair fitness. Above: Regular attention to your toes keeps you walking on air. Lila Leeds massages her feet with cream to keep them soft and supple

Make this simple exercise a daily habit: Sit with your arms extended above the head; lie flat; raise to a sitting posture again and go forward to touch the toes, never letting your feet leave the ground. Repeat twelve times

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1 enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Habits

7 Make care of your hands a *daily* habit. Cream them and massage the fingers from tip to base and onwards to the wrist. This will keep the skin soft, help the circulation and keep the hands from turning red and puffy at the knuckles.

8 Do a few simple exercises at some convenient time each day, according to your work. One good short routine is sufficient but it must be regular. The exercise described in the picture at the bottom of the page is a good basic "daily."

9 Take a Sunday in bed occasionally. Don't say it can't be done, because if you were ill it would *have* to be. The body needs relaxation and you are only properly relaxed in bed. In these days this is more a necessity than a luxury.

10 Make a habit of putting on your lipstick so carefully that it does not need renewing during an outing, nor stain your teeth or tea-cup. The new harmless, indelible liquid lipstick is a blessing.

11 Brush your hair vigorously night and morning. Fifty strokes should be the minimum. Don't worry about your set. It will comb back into place after the brushing even better than before. Daily vigorous brushing keeps the scalp healthy and wards off dryness, dandruff and all the troubles which arise from poor circulation under the scalp.

12 Wash your hair brush, disinfect your tooth brushes and wash your powder puffs at least once a week. All three collect dust and germs which must be regularly dismissed if these tools are to do a first-class job and keep you looking always immaculately groomed.

Health From The Garden

FEW people realize just how much health can be gathered from the garden and the hedgerows. The cultivation of a herb or small vegetable garden—especially those with medicinal value—can be both beneficial and interesting.

Garden parsley has, for instance, valuable medicinal properties, besides being one of the best pot-herbs. Parsley tea is excellent for rheumatic complaints and as a curative for constipation and kidney troubles has a value not sufficiently appreciated.

Take a handful of fresh parsley, cover with a pint of boiling water, allow it to cool, then strain and drink about half an hour before meals. Parsley is claimed to have more vitamins than any other herb. Chopped and used as a sandwich filling it is very good to eat, especially with brown bread. Wise cooks garnish with parsley whenever possible.

Dandelion leaves, when young and tender, are tasty additions to a salad or used between slices of bread and butter. This plant, which is too commonly regarded as a nuisance weed, is of great medicinal value for liver disorders.

A herb with many more uses than its usual one, as an ingredient for stuffing, is sage. Sage juice was recommended in the past for whitening the teeth and strengthening the gums; sage tea is excellent for clearing up a cold; a handful of sage steeped in strong, black tea makes a good and safe hair-colouring.

The smallest garden can have its herb patch. All kinds of flowering herbs can be included for gaiety of colour. Two examples are the marigold and the nasturtium. Marigold petals can be used in salads or in soups—as well as for flower decoration. Nasturtium leaves are tasty in salads and the seeds make an excellent substitute for capers.

Apple and pear peelings make invaluable health drinks. Just cover the peelings with boiling water, add a little sugar and a few raisins or a slice of lemon. Stand for a few hours, strain off and drink.

All green summer garden vegetables have health-giving properties that cannot be over-estimated, but their curative properties depend on careful cooking.

All green vegetables, root and otherwise, should be cooked in the smallest possible quantity of water. When cooked, strain off the water and drink it. Spinach and cabbage water is valuable as a blood purifier and is quite palatable if flavoured with marmite or a meat extract and allowed to cool before drinking.

Fashion At The Finger Tips

THREE exciting new shades of nail varnish, under a well-known name, have just made their bow and will soon be on sale in the shops in good supply. They are gay shades—each one has a cheerful brilliance—but they have also a feminine softness about them admirably suited to the new fashion colours.

An important point about using the new nail varnishes is to harmonize it with your lipstick. Make certain, too, that it does not clash with whatever shade of red you happen to be wearing.

The new colours are: "Applecart," "Play Red," and "Proud Pink," all of which have already become popular with smart women in America. The price per bottle (complete with brush), is 2s. 3d., and an oily polish remover of the same make costs 2s. 3d. also.

In personal use I have found these polishes wonderfully resistant to chipping, and that they "spread" easily, giving a pleasing professional finish.

Tinned But Tasty

"SHE can only serve a meal out of a tin" was a term of derision before the war. Then the conscientious cook regarded tinned food with dislike and suspicion. To-day the tables are turned. The contents of tins are prizes to be won after hoarding of points and she who can use her tin best is the genius of the hour!

For most of us tinned meat, fish and fruit, can only be a rare buy as they are highly pointed. So when we bring ourselves to open a tin we wish to make it go far. It is quite a good idea to open a tin of beef steak or other meat when you have a little fresh meat. Half a tin mixed with fresh meat and its tasty gravy, will make a delicious pie or pudding and no one will recognize the addition from the tin. The same thing can be done by cutting up liver and cooking it slowly in the oven with plenty of gravy. Thicken this and add from your tin and you have the foundation for the equivalent of steak and kidney pie or pudding.

The remains from the tin will make savoury pancakes or curry. An attractive dish for a supper guest is the flan. Tinned "Veal Loaf" or beef are appetizing made up in this way.

JELLIED MEAT FLAN

Ingredients: Flan case made with 2 oz. fat, 5 oz. flour; cupful of cooked peas; 3 or 4 cooked carrots; ½ pint aspic jelly.

Dice meat small or cut in thin strips. Prepare aspic jelly and when beginning to set pour half jelly into flan case. When set make pattern with meat, peas and fancy shapes of carrot. Pour rest of the jelly over carefully when just setting.

A tinned food which should be given pride of place at the moment is snoek. This fish combines the merits of being highly flavoured and savoury, and only 1 point for a ½ lb. tin. And for the sake of those who like to know that they are eating good "food value" this fish has a high proportion of protein. Personally I like either to blend this fish with some rather insipid white fish or with flavoured ingredients and omit salt, as snoek is a salty fish. When treated in this way I have made it into many good dishes such as kedgeree, fish and scrambled egg and so on. Here are two suggested variations.

SNOEK RAMIKINS

Ingredients: 6 or 7 ramikin dishes; 1 tin snoek. n tomato; 3 oz. crushed macaroni; ½ pint white sauce.

Cook macaroni, use its water for sauce without salt. Cream macaroni, sauce and fish together. Fill ramikins. Bake gently in low oven, Regulo 3 or 250°F, 10–15 minutes till heated through, garnish with lemon butterflys or tiny sprigs of parsley.

THERE are many times when it is convenient to be able to make a cake one knows will keep delicious and fresh in a tin for a week. It is often a help to have a standby cake in case of an unexpected visitor or for the day when you are too busy to trouble with cooking.

One of the best cakes for this purpose, which is delicious and satisfying is a good boiled fruit cake. Here is a recipe for it.

BOILED GINGER FRUIT CAKE

Ingredients: 1 lb. self raising flour; 4 oz. golden syrup; 4 oz. sugar; 5 oz. chopped dates; 3 oz. currants; 6 oz. fat or marg. and lard mixed; 2 teacupsful milk and water; 2 oz. peel cut fine; 1 dessertspoonful ginger; small dessertspoonful bicarbonate soda.

Place all ingredients, except flour and soda, in a pan and boil for a few minutes. Leave to cool then beat in flour with soda added. Put into greased cake tin and if available, cover with sliced nuts, or place slices of peel in centre before cooking. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350°F for about 3 hours. If it gets too brown cover with greased paper.

A fruit cake is not always popular with children and the different varieties of cake made with a madeira mixture tend not to keep so well. But they usually enjoy a steamed chocolate or coffee cake which will remain moist and good for quite a week and is indeed improved by a few days keeping. It is, of course, better still with a layer of cream filling or icing when brought into use.

STEAMED CHOCOLATE OR COFFEE CAKE

Ingredients: 9 oz. flour; 1½ oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; 3 oz. syrup; 1½ oz. cocoa or coffee essence (to flavour); ¾ teaspoonful bicarbonate soda; 1½ gills milk and water.

Rub fat into flour and add other dry ingredients. Warm syrup. Mix milk with it and mix well into the rest. Beat well. The mixture should be rather slack. Well grease a cake tin and line bottom with greased paper. Cover with greased paper and cloth or steam like a pudding for 1½ hours. Remove from steamer but leave in tin a quarter of an hour before turning out.

A good gingerbread or parkin make excellent store cakes.

SNOEK SOUFFLÉE

Ingredients: 1 tin snoek; 2 eggs reconstituted; little pepper; no salt; 1½ oz. margarine; 1½ oz. flour; ½ pint milk and water.

Melt margarine in pan; add flour, and milk gradually stirring to form smooth paste. When boiled let cool, add pepper. Beat eggs well; add gradually. Tie band of greased paper round

JELLIED MEAT FLAN

SNOEK RAMIKINS

BOILED GINGER FRUIT CAKE

NUTTY JOYS

Cakes That Keep

These little parkins are very popular.

PARKINS

Ingredients: ¼ lb. oatmeal (medium or fine); 1 oz. lard; 1 oz. sugar; 1 teaspoonful bicarbonate soda; ½ teaspoonful ginger; 4 oz. golden syrup; a few nuts; pinch of salt.

Sift together flour, salt, oatmeal and soda and mix well. Melt lard and work it in and add enough syrup to form a stiff paste. Put dessertspoonfuls in greased tins well apart and flatten a little. If available place half a split nut in the centre of each and bake in a low oven, Regulo 2 or 200°F for about an hour.

Here is another small cake to keep.

NUTTY JOYS

Ingredients: 1 breakfastcupful flour; 1 breakfastcupful sugar; ¼ lb. margarine; 1 egg reconstituted; 1 dessertspoonful cocoa; 2 oz. hazel or walnuts; ½ teaspoonful baking powder; a tablespoonful of milk.

Cream margarine and sugar; beat in egg and add dry ingredients; then nuts, chopped coarsely. Press mixture into well greased shallow baking tin. Bake in slow oven, Regulo 2 or 200°F for about half an hour. Remove from oven and cut into narrow strips about 1 inch wide and 3 inches long. When cool remove from tin. For a special occasion these are delicious sandwiched with a cream filling flavoured with almond.

DARK GINGERBREAD

Ingredients: 1 teacupful dark treacle; 2½ teacupsful flour; 4 oz. fat; small dessertspoonful ginger; pinch salt; ½ teacupful boiling water; teaspoonful bicarbonate soda.

Melt fat in boiling water. Add soda to treacle having mixed it with a little cold milk. Add to fat. Mix dry ingredients together. Stir liquid mixture and while bubbling pour on to dry ingredients. Beat all well. Pour into greased baking tin and bake slowly, Regulo 4 or 350°F about 45 minutes.

ECCLES CAKES

Ingredients: ½ lb. rough puff pastry; 2 oz. demerara sugar; 2 oz. margarine; 4 oz. currants; 2 oz. peel.

Roll pastry quarter inch thick, stamp into four-inch rounds. Warm margarine and mix with other ingredients. Put a teaspoonful of the mixture in the middle of each round. Wet edges and draw together. Turn over and roll out to size required, make two or three small cuts across the centre; brush over with water and sprinkle with sugar. Bake for 20 minutes, Regulo 7 or 450°F.

well greased soufflée dish. Pour in mixture, bake in quick oven, Regulo 7 or 500°F 20–30 minutes. Remove paper and serve at once.

Tinned vegetables, especially peas, form the nucleus for excellent supper dishes, for example green pea nests.

GREEN PEA NESTS

Ingredients: ½ lb. short pastry; tin peas; dessertspoonful chopped mint; ¼ pint thick white sauce; seasoning; 2 rashers fried bacon, chopped.

Line patty tins with pastry, fill with crusts and bake in good oven, Regulo 6 or 400°F. Mix peas, mint and bacon into sauce and heat through in pan. Fill patty cases and serve.

Suppose your points have run to a tin of peaches or apricots, it's an idea to make them do two meals. Try using a few of these :

PEACH MEDALLIONS

Ingredients: Round of sponge cake; halved peaches; marzipan; mock cream.

Drain peaches. Cut a sponge round for each peach. Fill centres of fruit with marzipan made with 2 oz. soya flour, 1 oz. margarine and 2 oz. sugar and almond essence. Lay them flat on rounds and coat with mock cream.

Harriet Muir

Windfall Apples

WINDFALL apples often cause the housewife some perplexity. A few high winds bring them tumbling down. They will not keep and as they have little flavour and sweetness at this time, are not ideal for all ordinary cooking purposes. There are, however, a number of uses they can be put to. There is apple and lemon jelly, the lemon giving flavour and setting quality, or pulped and bottled they will be useful later to mix with other fruits.

Pear and apple jam is also good made from 2 lbs. of apples, 2 lbs. pears, 4 lbs. sugar and 2 lemons, ¾ pint water. And some can be used for apple chutney; later on this will greatly enhance a curry or cold meat.

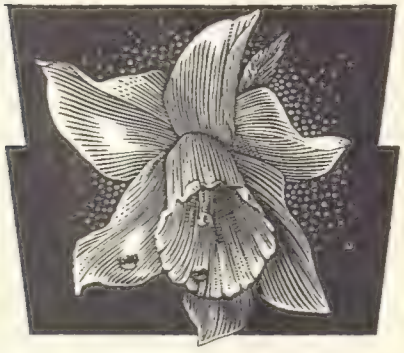
APPLE CHUTNEY

Ingredients: 2 lbs. apples; ½ lb. raisins or dates; 1 lb. brown sugar; 2 pints vinegar; 2 oz. mixed spice; ½ oz. ground ginger; 2 teaspoonsful salt.

Peel and cut up apples. Cook till tender in the vinegar with the spice tied in a muslin bag. Add sugar and boil a few minutes. Add chopped raisins or dates, salt and ginger. Pour into hot jars and tie down.

Whatever the occasion, however critical the glances, you can be confident in the sheer beauty of Tudorose fully fashioned stockings. They give you long ladder-free life.

Go in TUDOROSE
FULLY FASHIONED STOCKINGS
In pure silk, rayon and nylon.



For Morning Freshness
Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE
FROM ALL CHEMISTS

GOOD packers are made and not born. By following the rules of what to pack and how to pack it you can assure your holiday wardrobe a safe and uncrumpled arrival at its destination.

What to pack will depend on where you are going and what you are going to do. Plan your packing well in advance so that all the necessary items are included, and more important still, all the unnecessary ones omitted. Resist the temptation to take more clothes than it is humanly possible to wear during your stay. Be particularly ruthless with heavy items.

TWO small cases are easier to carry than one unmovably heavy one, a point worth remembering by those who have no confidence in their power to secure the only porter or the last taxi. One case is better still, of course, and supplemented by a small zip bag to take make-up, jewellery and other odds and ends can be made to serve for a week's packing. An extra coat can always be carried over the arm.

Make a list of all the things needed between the time of packing and your departure so that the packing does not have to be done all over again because something you want is tucked away at the bottom. If the journey is to be a long one, soap, towel, cleansing milk—slippers if yours is to be a night journey—will add considerable comfort to travelling. Tuck these in a small handbag in case you get separated from your main luggage.

NOW to pack. Shoes should be wrapped up or put in shoe bags to prevent other clothes becoming soiled. Put extra jewellery, the odd packet of hairpins, scissors, needle and cotton and other odds and ends in a box to prevent their becoming mislaid. A second sponge bag to take make-up bottles will give extra protection in the event of their leaking. Perfume bottles need special care if half their precious contents are not to be lost. If the stopper cannot be trusted, carry the bottle in your handbag where you can keep an eye on it.

Packing should be done in layers, the bulkiest items in the bottom, with the heaviest at the back where they will not crush the other contents when the case is stood on end. Wedge this layer in with handkerchiefs, stockings and even tissue paper so that it will not slide about. Suits, coats and heavy dresses make up the second layer with the crushables such as light dresses and dainty blouses on top, finishing up with the things you will need on arrival. Level up each layer with tissue paper as you go along.

A GOOD packer never spares tissue paper. If sleeves are stuffed with paper, and paper placed between every fold of material so that no two fabric surfaces touch, even the most fragile garment will travel crisply.

Folding should be done on a large flat surface—the floor is a good substitute for a large table. To pack a tailored coat or jacket lay the garment flat, right side uppermost. Fold the sleeves across the back, turning back the cuffs to get the sleeve within the width of the garment. Fold the two side fronts to meet at centre back, keeping revers flat. Fold down from the waist and in the case of long coats, fold again, to make a neat rectangle with the lining outside.

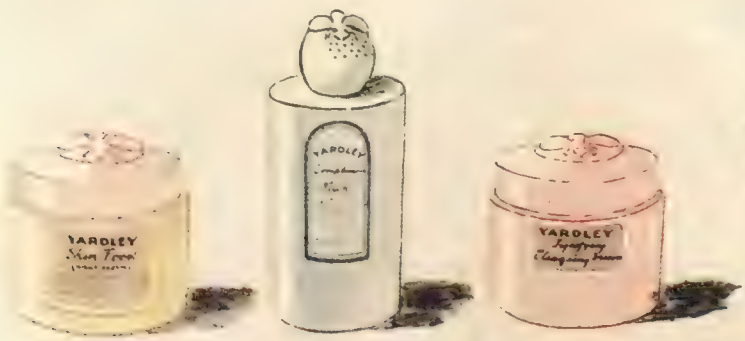
Pleated skirts should be pressed flat, a sheet of tissue paper placed over the pleats, the skirt then folded lengthwise in two. If the case is too short to take the full length of the skirt, fold down the necessary amount from the waist. Dresses should be folded in two lengthwise, then into three to fit the length of the case, first at the hip line then above the waist.

Hats with the widest, flattest brims should go to the bottom of the hatbox with tissue paper wedges to protect curved brims and trimmings. Scarves, woollies and gloves can be packed into crowns to help keep their shape and incidentally save valuable space in the suitcase.

RETURNING presents fewer difficulties. Soiled linen can be used as wedges instead of paper, saving space for holiday souvenirs. If you are returning from the Continent, remember that everything bought abroad has to be produced for inspection. It will save a lot of unnecessary trouble and embarrassment if your spoils are easily accessible.

Is it wishful thinking?

Take a searching look at your reflection. Suppose that face belonged to another woman; would you dub her 'wishful thinker' if she was satisfied with her complexion? Neglect's hardly excusable when deep-pore cleansing is so speedily done with Yardley Quick Cleansing Cream. To keep away dryness and tiny lines you need Yardley Skin Food, which beautifies while you bath or sleep. And for make-up removal and daytime freshening, there's Complexion Milk. Use this efficient trinity regularly and you'll have good reason to think that your skin is looking its best! *Yardley 33 Old Bond Street London W.1* (Sorry no post orders)



YARDLEY

schweppervescence *lasts the whole drink through*

Ladies First (*Continued from page* 12)

THE ascending cabin drew in to the mountain station, coming to rest with a little bump against a sloping concrete ramp.

The Chaplins and Mrs. Keston were helped out by a uniformed engineer and as they walked along the path that led to the clinic they met a party of four young men making their way down the track and evidently bound for the rope-railway station.

The Colonel greeted them and when they were out of earshot he turned to Mrs. Keston.

"Marvellous how they get about, isn't it?" he said. "They go down to Plumbad in fours every afternoon and it's a point of honour that none of the staff should accompany them. Makes them feel self-reliant, you know. If he hadn't been expecting us, Charles would have gone down with the first lot—the lot that passed us in mid-air. It's a puzzle to me how they manage on the way back."

Mrs. Keston stopped dead.

"You mean," she said, "that those four men who passed us just now were blind? And the four in the cabin?"

Colonel Chaplin nodded.

"All the patients in the clinic are blind," he said. "Didn't you know that? Dr. Hübsch, the visiting surgeon, is a great occulist. Some of them may get better and see again. But that's a thing that you must never discuss with them."

NEXT day, soon after luncheon—in the course of which the Kestons had been observed carrying on a conversation with quite unwonted animation—Colonel Chaplin startled his wife by announcing that he was going down to the Strandbad beside Baumstock pier.

"But I thought you hated bathing," his wife said.

"Nevertheless," the Colonel said, "I am going to the Strandbad."

And, on his way there, carrying his bathing-dress and a towel, he overtook the Kestons walking together down the steep path. She was carrying a large handbag and he had a solid looking swagger stick hanging from his wrist.

"You go on ahead and get the tickets, Jackie," Mrs. Keston said; and then, taking the Colonel's arm, she whispered in his ear, "I'm so happy. I've persuaded Jackie to come into Perle with me to get the clips back. We're on our way now."

Colonel Chaplin squeezed the little lady's hand.

"Splendid," he said, "splendid. Now run on and catch him up. I haven't the slightest idea what time the boat goes, but it wouldn't do to miss it."

Standing on the edge of the Strandbad, he watched the couple board a waiting steamer and, as the paddle boat pulled out, he looked at his watch.

For an hour and more he lay on the green turf, listening to the splash of the fresh water fountain and the tinkle of cowbells that came from the grass slopes dotted with fruit trees.

He had no intention of bathing.

At twenty minutes past three he saw a paddle steamer pull out from Plumbad pier—directly across the lake from Baumstock.

He got up and was waiting at the pier side when it chuffed in.

The first person off the boat was Tony Hayward, but a very different Tony Hayward from the boy with the heavily bandaged eyes and the white stick whom the Colonel had visited at the clinic on the previous day.

The bandages had gone and so had the stick, and though he was wearing dark glasses, it was clear that he could see as well as the next man.

The Colonel greeted him affectionately. "My dear fellow, I was so delighted to get the telephone message this morning. What does it feel like to see again after all these years? Wasn't Hübsch delighted when he took off the bandages last night? Isn't it fun that the tables should be turned and that it should be you coming to pay us a visit instead of the other way round?"

But it was clear that the young man's excitement was only in part due to the restoration of his sight for, as soon as they had got free from the crowd round the pier, he began talking eagerly to the Colonel, illustrating what he had to say by a kind of dumb show.

Colonel Chaplin nodded several times and the two men walked rapidly up the path that led to the hotel.

SIX o'clock found the Colonel sitting by himself on the terrace sipping an apéritif and staring down at the blue-green glassiness of the celebrated Lac de Perle.

At the table next to his, within easy earshot, two young men were engaged in writing letters. The Colonel made no attempt to get into talk with them.

Presently, a paddle steamer came into sight, heading for Baumstock from Plumbad. It looked for all the world like a toy boat being pulled across a glass lake on a string.

The Colonel lit his pipe.

A quarter of an hour later a flustered, distraught Mrs. Keston came clattering across the terrace on her high heels.

The Colonel greeted her cheerily.

"Everything go off all right?" he asked.

She shook her head and sat down beside him. The two men at the next table bent low over their letter writing.

"It's finished," she said.

"Finished?" Colonel Chaplin echoed. "What on earth do you mean, my dear? Have you got the clips back?"

Mrs. Keston fixed the Colonel with her big blue eyes.

"Jackie's done a bolt," she said. "When we were on the boat going to Perle he confessed that he had spent the money he received for the clips. Gambling debts, he said. He was rather sweet. I was a fool and gave him some more. On the pier at Perle—you know what a crush there always is—he gave me the slip. I . . . I never saw him again. I spent the whole afternoon searching. In the end I found a porter at the station who recognized my description. He had seen Jackie jumping into a train going to Basle. I know he had his passport with him because I saw it when he opened his note-case. He'll be over the frontier by now."

Colonel Chaplin blew up. "Of all the scandalous rotters," he began. "Look here, my dear, I'll get straight on to our Legation by telephone. . . ."

Eve Keston touched his arm.

"Promise me you'll do nothing of the kind," she said. "It would be so dreadfully humiliating for me. I'll stay on here as if nothing had happened, and we'll pretend that Jackie has just been called back to London for a while. He isn't any good and he never has been any good. I've known that for quite a while. There is just one thing I want you to say you'll do for me, and that is that when I divorce him for desertion you'll explain to all the lawyers and people what happened.

'You see, I know Jackie, and I don't think I'll ever see him again. You mark my words, he'll just disappear into thin air. And there must be someone—someone who'll bear me out when I explain what really happened."

The Colonel glanced down at the lake. A motor boat was heading for Baumstock pier, travelling at speed and leaving a white wake behind it.

He patted Eve Keston's arm.

"Of course," he said, "I'll do anything I can to help."

The two men at the next table went on writing their interminable letters.

Presently, a man in a smart, dark green uniform came on to the terrace, walking slowly between the tables.

The Colonel caught his eye and the man nodded.

"Jackie hasn't gone very far, Mrs. Keston," the Colonel said. "They've found him."

Eve Keston turned deadly pale.

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded.

"Just this. The police have found your husband's body in the forest on the mountain ledge under the rope railway that runs up from Plumbad to (*Continued on page* 52)

FOR *Glamour* THAT LASTS

MICHEL—lipstick of 3 continents is back, imparting a glowing touch from the Americas to the fresh loveliness of British women. 10 thrilling shades for every type

Michel
COSMETICS OF CHARM

Also Michel Face Powder, Rouge and Eye Cosmetique. Prices from 3/9 to 7/6.

He *looks* fine

He *feels* fine

HE TAKES

Lixen

THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE
in bottles - 2/5½, 4/4
LIXEN LOZENGES
for the children, Fruit flavoured in bottles 2/2
From Chemists only
It's an Allenburys Product
Made in England by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

1615

Can You guess her Age?

. . . It's difficult, her skin's so beautiful.

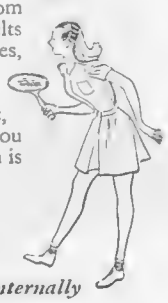
Phillips' Texture and Cleansing Creams containing *'Milk of Magnesia' refine and beautify the skin.

PHILLIPS' Magnesia CREAMS

*Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

Beauty has a better chance today

Tennis was a gentle pat-ball game when Great Aunt Jane was young. It had to be! Skirts sweeping the ground and waists laced to eighteen inches were scarcely freedom fashions! Today the trend is to simplicity. And of all things in this modern tradition, Tampax is freedom exemplified. Freedom from restrictions, freedom to wear what you like at all times, freedom from old-fashioned belts and pins and pads. Yes, Tampax is a blessing indeed. Supremely effective, simple, safe, hygienic, so comfortable, it gives you that peace of mind which is beauty's true foundation.



TAMPAX

Sanitary Protection Worn Internally

REGULAR TAMPAX No. 1
In packets of 10 . . . . . 1/9
★NEW SUPER ABSORBENT
TAMPAX No. 2 In packets of 10 . . . 2/-

TAMPAX LTD., BELVUE ROAD, NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX

Dr. Hübsch's clinic. You neither of you went to Perle this afternoon. You crossed straight over to Plumbad and then went up in the rope railway at three o'clock. Tony Hayward was in the descending cabin that passed the one that you and your husband were in. He saw you strike at your husband with that handbag—it's weighted, no doubt; saw him slump back in his seat; saw you open the cabin door; and then saw you push him out. He marked the place in the forest where his body fell."

Mrs. Keston stammered. "But he's blind," she said. "He couldn't have seen."

Colonel Chaplin smiled grimly.

"Tony had an operation on his eyes three weeks ago. Hübsch came to the clinic last night and took the bandages off. From that moment he has been able to see as well as you and I."

The uniformed police officer, who had joined the letter-writing young men, got up and came over to the Colonel's table.

He touched Mrs. Keston on the arm. "Please come with me, Madame," he said.

"I SUPPOSE," Mrs. Chaplin said, "that she made up that story about the clips in the shop in Perle?"

Her husband nodded. "No doubt," he said. "You see, she had decided that Jackie must disappear for good and all, and she needed a cover plan—she had to create the impression that Jackie was a good-for-nothing scoundrel who might do a bunk at any moment. The clips story served very well. The next step was to find a way of eliminating Jackie without endangering her own neck. The trip up the rope railway to the clinic gave her the answer. Why had she made up her mind that Jackie must be eliminated? Because, my dear Alice and my dear Tony, she knew, just as well as I knew, that Jackie Keston was a killer, and that if she didn't kill him, he would certainly kill her."

The Chaplins and Tony Hayward were drinking their after-dinner coffee on the terrace, where the pink hydrangeas in the terra-cotta vases looked more artificial than ever under the subdued flood-lighting.

"How did I know that Keston was a killer?" the Colonel went on. "For the same reason that I knew that Eve Keston was a greedy, scheming woman who would stop at nothing. Remember the Barton case?. Of course you do. Rich old Sir Edward Barton—married a second wife years younger than himself—takes on a new chauffeur, recently demobilized—chap called Kentish—motor tour in Grebeshire—big closed car stopped at the top of steep slope leading down to quay in small fishing village—chauffeur and Lady B. get out, leaving old Sir Edward in car—brakes fail—car runs into sea and old gent killed—drowned like a rat in a trap—nice old boy—inquest—suspicious circumstances—K. and Lady B. reputed too friendly by half—brake may have been tampered with—Lady B. inherits old man's fortune—K. has stinking record in army—described as a dangerous thug—K. on trial with Lady B. as accessory—both as guilty as they come but not enough evidence—acquitted—go straight off and marry—change their name to Keston—as Chief Constable of Grebeshire I was at trial—they didn't recognize me—rather a shock to find them staying here—not a nice death, the death poor old Barton died. That's how she knew that Jackie Keston was a killer. That's why she was so frightened the other morning on the terrace. Jackie was after her. There was this Swiss Baron. Jackie was jealous. Jackie realized that at any moment she might change the will she had made in his favour. Jackie had made up his mind she would be better dead."

There were twinkling lights, now, all along the edge of the lake. From the hotel came the sound of an orchestra playing dance music.

"There's one thing that puzzles me," Tony Hayward said. "To carry out her plan she had to persuade Jackie to pay this visit to the clinic with her. How did she know he would agree?"

"A good point," the Colonel said. "If it had not been for one circumstance I don't fancy he would have fallen in with her plan."

"And that was——?" Tony queried.

"His liking for detective stories," the Colonel said. "I was chatting to him in the bar this morning and we discussed the scarcity of new plots—new ways of killing people without being found out. He seemed really interested. So I outlined an ingenious idea, instancing a victim known to have a weak heart. If such a person tumbled out of the cabin of one of these dangerous rope railways it would be impossible to prove that she had not had a heart attack and had thrown herself overboard in an uncontrollable agony of pain and panic. Impossible, if there were no witnesses, to prove that she had been hit over the head as a preliminary to being pushed out. When Eve Keston suggested that they should take a trip on the very rope railway that I had been talking about I imagine that he jumped at the idea."

"Gosh!" Tony Hayward said. "So there they were sitting opposite each other, both waiting their chance. I take it she was a bit nippier and got in first?"

The Colonel shook his head.

"Oh, no," he said. "Ladies first, you know. And after all, she had done her best to make a catspaw out of me. By this morning, Tony, I knew that you had got your sight back and that you would be coming down in the first car-load this afternoon. I instanced that to Jackie as one of the possible snags to my theoretically perfect crime. I suggested that the mythical murderer would do well to wait until the return journey at five-thirty—the journey down from the clinic back to Plumbad. Then only blind witnesses would be in the ascending car."

A string of moving lights on the lake told that one of the paddle steamers was heading for Baumstock pier.

"When did you know that Mrs. Keston actually meant business?" Mrs. Chaplin asked.

"When I saw them board the steamer at fourteen-fifteen hours this afternoon," the Colonel said. "That's one of the intermediate boats. It calls at Plumbad but doesn't go near Perle. I know my steamer time-tables off by heart. And because Jackie was with her, because he had agreed to go with her to the clinic, I knew that he meant business too. There wasn't much to choose between them."

Mrs. Chaplin laughed. "If you ask me," she said, "the mistake that both of them made was a mistake that I've made myself in my time."

"Which is——?" Tony Hayward asked.

"Taking the Chief Constable of Grebeshire for the silly old ass he looks," she said.

END

Cloak And Dagger (*Continued from page* 13)

master spy found himself in luck. A couple of efficient fifth-columnists were ready and waiting. They were Sam Carr and Fred Rose, respectively secretary of the local Communist party, and the first communist M.P. These two brought along other dyed-in-the-wool Communists. A former officer, who as editor of a military journal had useful contacts and could learn a lot; a scientist and a radar engineer working for the National Research Council; a confidential clerk employed in the British High Commissioner's office; an ammunition production expert; a member of the Passport Division staff, able to issue forged passports, a considerable convenience to the master spy, who wanted to import trained comrades and send them down to the U.S.; and, among others, Dr. Allan Nunn May, a British nuclear physicist working on secret projects.

It was one of those integrated espionage set-ups which Himmler dreamed of, but never succeeded in establishing anywhere during the second World War—so far as we know. It would be operating to-day, a secret worm gnawing, silent (*Continued on page* 54)

001/4/T

Watch it daily **GROW** *more lovely*

Fed by Silvikrin thrilling hair beauty *grows* on you—right from the roots. Day by day you can see the difference. No more dandruff on your shoulders; no more lost hair in your comb. The secret is, Silvikrin contains Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other elements which make hair grow thick, lustrous and buoyantly healthy. For persistent dandruff you need Pure Silvikrin; and as a daily anti-dandruff tonic and beautifier Silvikrin Lotion.

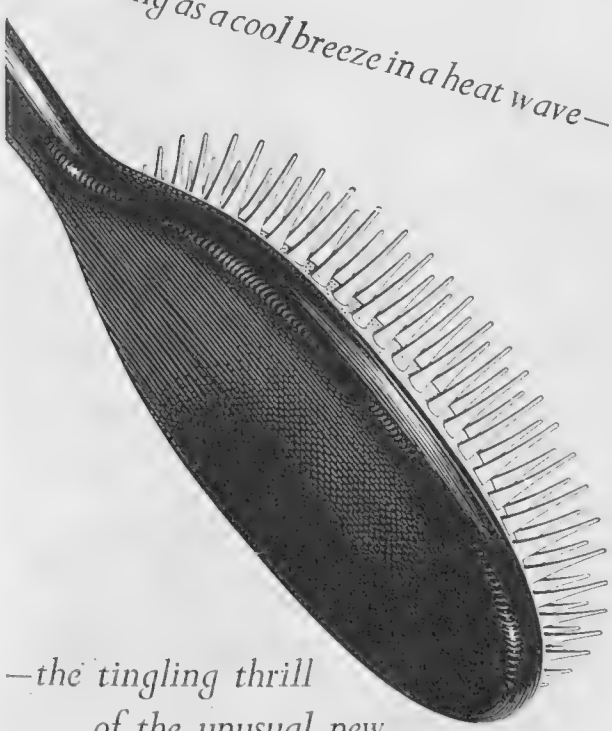
Silvikrin THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

Pure Silvikrin and Silvikrin Lotion are sold by most Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

Ballymena, pure Irish linen. Price 9/2 and 2 coupons a yard

The name "Moygashel" is the registered brand name and property of STEVENSON & SON LTD., 208A REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1 · DUNGANNON, N. IRELAND

Refreshing as a cool breeze in a heat wave—



—the tingling thrill of the unusual new

HALEX Combing Brush

158 firm but resilient plastic quills slide through even the deepest, heaviest locks—give gentle friction and tonic exercise to the hair-roots and the scalp.

W15D

Delta

for Choice

MADE BY LOTUS LTD · STAFFORD & NORTHAMPTON

CLOVER
PALE
FIRE WEED
DARK FIRE
GINGER TEA
HEARTBREAK
REGENCY
VINTAGE
VICTORIAN ROSE

Peggy Sage
FINGER TIP SPECIALIST

SALONS

LONDON: 130 New Bond Street, W.1 (Corner of Grosvenor Street) Phone: Mayfair 0396. PARIS: 7 Place Vendome. NEW YORK: 30 East 57th Street

and undetected, in the heart of the wood, but for an unsuspected flaw. The information flowing through the attaché's office to Moscow was relayed in code. For coding, you need a code clerk, a low-level and low-paid nonentity. Igor Gouzenko was the code clerk on the job.

Dr. May, the scientific worker, who had never been to Russia, was corrupted by doctrinaire dreams of the Communist world state of to-morrow. Igor Gouzenko, who came from the Communist paradise, was corrupted by the revelation of what life could be in the capitalist world outside. Igor betrayed the betrayers, and his own State. Most of the spies went to jail with sentences varying from three to ten years. Several were acquitted for lack of evidence. The master spy was withdrawn to Moscow. And at the Old Bailey, Dr. May—who seems to have wanted to pull out after leaving Canada, but who found himself caught in the international net—was put away in a safe place until 1957.

There's the twisted irony of espionage to-day.

Lately, the Russians retaliated. The Americans had a young desk soldier as code clerk in their U.S. Embassy. The Russians, knowing the susceptibility of young American males abroad, arranged for him to meet a young lady described to me as "a succulent ash-blonde with long, dreamy legs." In next to no time, Sergeant McMillan had become a convert to Communism, and now he is posted as a deserter. What information, if any, he took with him into the "enemy" camp, is anybody's guess.

The British move to clear the Civil Service of Communists is really only a tardy anti-espionage measure. There is so much—the way war and the war potential goes in the age of supersonic aircraft, guided missiles, and the atomic explosive—that can be learnt from office and research workers between the low and middle levels, once they are organized, instructed, and the channels are cut for their flow of bits and pieces of information. And it's never too early to start.

IT was on the time side that the Nazis made their chief espionage mistakes—errors which cost them, and saved us, much blood. They planted spies and organized fifth-columnists in this island long before September, 1939. Most were quickly corralled by Britain's highly efficient counter-espionage branch. Needing data later on the effects of their fly-bombs and rockets, they had hastily to train spies. But the trainers were inefficient, their pupils worse. One was picked up soon after landing because he asked his way in German-sounding broken English. Another was taken because his portable radio bore a German mark which had not been properly erased. A third lasted no more than twenty-four hours. His papers were in order, but he had not been briefed on Bristol, a city of which he was supposed to be a native. Apparently, the Nazi spy masters thought that if they could get only a couple of radio signals, the crude material they sent over was expendible.

Britain did very much better. She was admirably served by scores of agents, many of them young-to-middle-aged Englishwomen parachuted down in occupied Europe. Each agent knew the country he or she operated in, spoke the language, and usually had reliable

Cloak And Dagger

contacts there. One outstanding coup was the planting of a British officer in the German army. It was a job done well before the war started, and it stuck. The officer got transferred to the German military intelligence branch, and intermittently managed to pass valuable information back to British intelligence H.Q. How it was done remains one of the espionage secrets blacked out still by the Official Secrets Act.

THE Germans missed one of the greatest espionage coups of all time when an American desk general blabbed a D-Day secret that gave the whole show away. He was indiscreet through sex vanity. He talked at parties to make himself impressive and attract the ladies. Such an exciting man! He was eventually demoted and sent home.

Some of his babblings reached the enemy through a diplomatic source friendly to Germany. A German Intelligence colonel revealed this during post-war interrogation. He said they paid no attention. It's understandable. If it had come by way of an office-cleaner, who had contrived to filch a torn document from the waste-paper basket in a dark passage, en route from office to incinerator, or even from a lady who had spent a night with the general, it would have been credible. But spilt casually in mixed company over gin-and-bitters in a drawing-room? One can see the tough professionals smiling. They expect us to be deceived that easily? They must take us for fools!

When the invasion forces surged over the Normandy beaches, the Germans were waiting for them—far off the mark.

Just now, West Europe's most startling spy story concerns the detail plans for the occupation of capitals and other chief centres west of the Iron Curtain. These Red Army documents have been falling into the hands of the military intelligence chiefs of a number of countries. Some people think this phenomenon presages a forward surge by the Red Army by autumn, a military move before the Americans have got their rearmament under way. Others think it a rather crude move in the war of nerves, the object being to put the wind up weak-nerved politicos and other ruling-group folk, and persuade them to oppose the Marshall Plan and generally play against, instead of for America in the Russo-American struggle which is being waged in Europe. The Nazis were quite successful in their time with this kind of intimidation.

The story anyway, sufficiently impressed the former U.S. Under-Secretary of State, Sumner Welles, for him to use it as an argument for the enactment by Congress of the measures necessary for rapid, large-scale rearmament. Now, while Russia's spies try desperately to discover just what an American 1948 allocation of $550,000,000 for military research means (it took only two years to produce the atomic bomb, once the money was made available; and money could shorten from five to two years the time needed to perfect and produce atomic-war-headed missiles with a range which would bring Russian war production centres under devastating fire), you can bet that America's spies are trying to ascertain whether those city-occupation plans are serious or just a "plant."

END

for Acid Indigestion

'Milk of Magnesia'* Tablets, by effectively correcting acidity, give prompt relief from indigestion. They are pleasantly mint-flavoured; convenient to take whenever the need arises.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
* REGD. TRADE MARK
TABLETS

30 Tablets 1/3 75 Tablets 2/6

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF
THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

Gipsies In Britain

(*Continued from page 15*)

for his "Egyptian blood." Yet still these nomads remained to exercise their rare talent in fortune-telling, make baskets and clothes pegs with unique speed and skill, and brighten our countryside with their smartly painted caravans.

To-day, the gipsy carries emergency ration cards in his basket. Some members of his race deal in second-hand motor cars. A few days ago I passed a yellow waggon housing a family of Sussex gipsies, and on the side of their home was printed the legend: "Telephone: Newick 142." In some modern caravans, sharing a proud place beside family heirlooms, there are decorations won in the last two wars.

Though some of their customs are dying, though the old Romany language dwindles into a half-forgotten dialect, the gipsies still go on, harsh voiced, swaggering men and women with a splendid love and understanding for animals, a deep devotion to children, a delight in freedom and the open air—and of romancing for the sheer love of telling lies. With it all, they carry a dislike of the gorgio who so often persecutes their race—though I find some gipsies increasingly friendly towards those of us without gipsy blood—and a love of the nomadic life that will not lightly be exchanged for the bungalow and neat council house.

END

Horrockses
REGD

the Greatest Name in Cotton

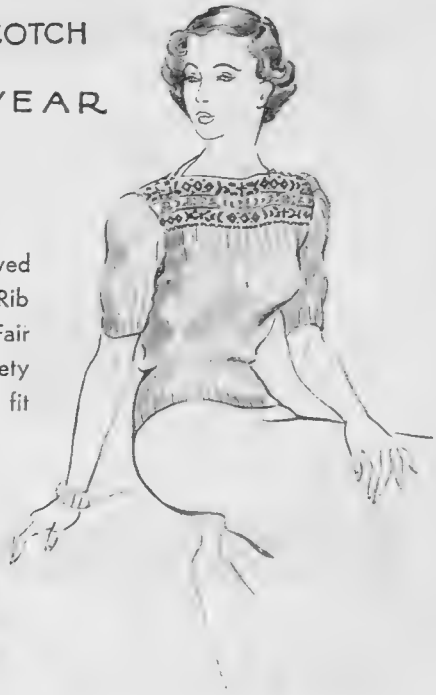
From the earliest days of domestic history, good household linen has been the subject of great pride and for generations housewives have been proud to say their sheets, pillowcases and towels were made by Horrockses. The name commands respect in every woman's mind and shall ever stand for quality the world over.

SHEETS · PILLOWCASES · TOWELS · DRESS GOODS · FURNISHINGS · ETC.

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., PRESTON, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, LONDON

Twomax

REAL SCOTCH KNITWEAR



"SLIMFIT" JUMPER

This is a White Short Sleeved Jumper in our special Rib Stitch with a contrasting Fair Isle Type pattern in a variety of contrasting shades to fit 34/36 in. bust.

Obtainable from all good Stores. We cannot supply the Public direct.

McCLURE & McINTOSH LTD., GLASGOW, C.5

Traditional quality

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

in original OLD FASHIONED FLASK

Unsurpassed in quality although restricted in distribution by scarcity of old stocks.

WILLIAM GRIGOR & SON INVERNESS

GRIGOR for VIGOR

Hutton

of

NORTHAMPTON

Goodall's
GRAVY SALT
MAKES *RICHER*
BROWN GRAVY

Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds
Makers of
YORKSHIRE
RELISH
28
It's Good—it's Goodall's

SENSITIVE
SKIN
needs
Every wash with Cuticura is a tonic beauty treatment. The medicated lather cleans, refreshes and beautifies.
Cuticura
THE MILDLY MEDICATED TOILET
SOAP
284

The next time the children shy at taking milk, give it to them as Little Miss Muffet Junket. They'll eat it eagerly and ask for more. Tastes and looks so appetising. Easily digested, because the rennet enzyme it contains breaks up the heavy milk curd. 7½d. bottle makes 3 one-pint junkets.
Little MISS MUFFET
RASPBERRY · ORANGE
LEMON · VANILLA
JUNKETS
Sole Distributors: Lewis A. May (Little Miss Muffet) Ltd.
Copthall House, London, E.C.2 (17)

Soldiers Of Fortune

(*Continued from page* 16)

with Richardson's discarded machine gun in two later battles.

Richardson called it a day, quit—and became a land surveyor. Zimmerman gave up fighting as a Soldier of Fortune, and, when last heard of, was peddling plate-glass house number-plates from door to door somewhere in California.

Living quietly in a New York City apartment house ten years ago was Mrs. O'Reilly, a homely little woman who hated strife. Said Mrs. O'Reilly once: "Soldiers of Fortune? Why—fortune's the one thing they've never made!" And she should know.

Her husband, Tex O'Reilly, fought his way around the world between 1897 and 1924; tall, Irish-American, Tex had been a free-lance campaigner in China, with Pancho Villa in Mexico, against Abd-el-Krim in Africa, with occasional vivid exploits in Venezuela, Honduras, Nicaragua and the Philippines. By his side marched the not less imposing figure of a fellow-countryman, Tim McGuire.

Tim weathered quite a number of local South American revolutions before he got his biggest break in Europe's part of first World War; then he skipped to North Africa, joined Tex and helped play havoc against Abd-el-Krim's chosen warriors. They were a gorgeously assorted pair; O'Reilly the model husband, faithful in thought and deed to "the little woman back home," and McGuire, blue-eyed, a winning-way-with-him, tossing his money around with a gay prodigality . . . with many a half-veiled North African houri remembering his passing-by. . . .

Together, in a desperate attempt to relieve a beleaguered, sand-stricken outpost, Tex and Tim led a band of "Spanish" legionnaires—of widely assorted nationalities—in a charge against the enemy. McGuire fell, mortally wounded. O'Reilly went on to see the assault through victoriously, then hurried back to the dying man. He bent down, pillowed McGuire's head in his arms, asked was there anything he could do to comfort him?

"No doctors around these parts . . ." muttered McGuire, ". . . so I guess I'll go out like I want . . . gimme a bottle of liquor. . . ."

Just before dawn Tim McGuire died. Drunk. Happy. Singing an old Irish song. Just another hard-up soldier of ill-fortune. And Mrs. Reilly had something cryptic to tell her husband next time he came home.

NO less than sixty-six years ago, "two-fisted, gun-slinging" Jesse James, outlaw of the American post-Civil War era, was believed to have been killed by Bob Ford, fellow-member of the gang. The story became an American epic. Now along comes a substantiated report that it was not Jesse, but Charlie Bigelow, who died. "Old Man Jesse" says a report in an Oklahoma daily newspaper, "laughs with a keen twinkle in his eyes when he recalls the episode of his 'official death.'"

It was agreed, it seems, among the outlaw gang that no one would reveal his identity until all were past the age of 100—or dead. Jesse James is the only member who lived; he passed his century on September 5, 1947. He consulted his lawyer, and it was decided that no witnesses were left to his alleged crimes. And, during the past fifty years, Jesse James has "wandered around the world as a Soldier of Fortune, appearing wherever a war was under way."

END

Incident At Lydda

(*Continued from page* 19)

change again into the old Gordon. Commotion bubbled in the doorway. There was a harassed looking Airways official and an R.A.F. officer. Following them, her eyes fixed on them with a hope which struggled for life, her hands clasping and unclasping in a perpetual motion of anxiety, was a slender, foreign-looking, middle-aged woman.

The Army officer looked up.

"Lord! Is she still here?" His tone was not unkind, there was just a note of resignation in it—the dull acceptance of the power of circumstances to narrow and confine help.

"Yes," said the Airways man. "We've told her over and over again that there's no reservation. She doesn't seem to understand. Her papers are in order and she keeps on thrusting them at us."

"What'll we do with her?" the captain asked.

"What can we do?" asked the Air Force man. "We've no power to put her on a plane. It's all arranged from Jerusalem. She can go back with the convoy."

Maeve thought of the journey, and shuddered.

"A bit hard," said the captain.

"We know that," said the Airways official. "We tried to do something about it by phone—but it was no go. You know what it must be like up there—they're besieged with applications. If they let themselves have a heart it would bleed to death with pity. As it is, you know as soon as they pick up the phone and answer you that they hate you." He gave a gesture of helplessness. Shook his head. "She'll have to return to Jerusalem and get into the line."

Justin Lennox lowered his book. His voice startled Maeve. The other voices had ached with weariness. There was a similar note of strain, making them all rather alike. But Justin sounded calm, as if he'd succeeded in detaching himself from the conditions which entangled the present. Maeve thought: His book's more real to him than all this. He's lost himself in escape.

Justin said: "The road seems to be getting worse—more fighting—more danger."

The captain nodded. "We'd been warned that would happen in the next few hours. I'm due back on duty soon—I'll be reading the reports brought in by the convoy." Savagely, he added: "Not that it will help. God! I'd like to be out of this. Right out of it—even if it meant being back at Tobruk. At least you knew who was for you and who against—and there was something to do."

Justin smiled sympathetically, crossed his legs and returned to his book. Maeve could almost see his mind settling comfortably.

"Best thing we can do is to put her in one of the police cars," said the Air Force officer. "She should be all right, that way."

"She should be," the captain echoed. His tone failed to convince Maeve.

Then Justin looked up again. "How did she manage to get here, anyway?" he asked.

"Came early this morning. Two food lorries were coming back empty. I imagine she bribed one of the drivers. Spent the journey under some empty sacks, she says."

"I see." And Justin went back to his book.

"Reprehensible—but she showed some pluck," said a man named Carter. Maeve thought he was something to do with the potash works. "If her papers are in order her turn will come, surely?"

"I imagine so. She's lost her head. Anxiety, I suppose. She's from Prague. Tried to clear out when Hitler moved in; but was held for a time. Her husband was executed. She'd one child—a boy. Her sister escaped with the kid and somehow reached England. The sister married a Londoner. They've obtained British nationality for the boy."

Carter nodded his head towards the woman, who'd been looking eagerly from one to the other as if clinging to the slender hope of a reprieve. Maeve found it too pitiful, watching her face. She turned away.

Carter said: "I suppose that's why they're letting her go. I wonder it wasn't done before."

"Usual delays," said the Airways official. "We've had an enormous waiting list."

"I hope she gets away eventually," said Carter. "She deserves it. Pity you can't keep her here, though."

The captain smiled wryly. "It's bad enough looking after (*Continued on page* 58)

'Full many a flower was born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air" . . . sang the Poet. This need not be the fate of your beauty. The petal-soft "bloom" of Potter & Moore's Powder protects and enhances complexion loveliness . . . reveals delicate texture . . . allows your beauty to *live*. Superfine in texture — enchanting in bouquet — this fragrant cosmetic waits only to serve you . . .

Potter & Moore's FACE POWDER

Price 3/9½d. incl. Purch. Tax from Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores

Creators of Powder-Cream, Blush Cream, Lipsticks, Perfumes, Complexion Creams and Talcum Powder

In black frosted by white —

whoever she is, she makes as pretty a picture as any listed in her catalogue!

Detachable frothy bib — *coupon free* — buttons through on to jacket buttons. The two-tiered back effect is achieved by jacket peplum topping the peplum on skirt. In Worsted Crepe.

Look for the **HERSHELLE** label.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL

C&B

Delicious **SALAD CREAM**

ALL THE WORLD OVER

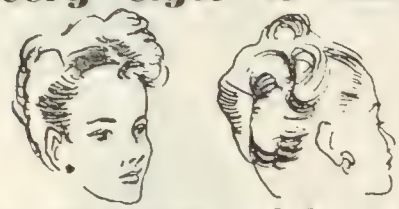
Wellington Harbour New Zealand

Nothing is allowed to compromise the quality of anything marked Tootal. The same laboratory-testing, the same standards, the same conditions of the famous Tootal Guarantee, remain as before. *Helping Britain's credit abroad*

TOOTAL REGD.

FABRICS · HANDKERCHIEFS · TIES

Every style is easy



to manage with this

Lovely NATURAL Wave

Because it looks so natural. Because it cannot harm your hair. Because there's no heat, no machine, no fuss . . . you'll like this permanent wave better than any other you have ever tried. If you cannot find a hairdresser with the Lustron authorisation sign, write to Lustron. Warwick Road, Boreham Wood, Herts

Go to a skilled Hairdresser

Lustron

The NEW Permanent Wav

the best shops now have limited supplies of
Valstar
RAINCOATS
VALSTAR LTD · SALFORD 4 · LANCS
also at 314 Regent Street London W.1
MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH GRADE WEATHERWEAR

the passengers with seats reserved," he said. "No knowing when trouble may break out. We're packed and ready to leave at an hour's notice. Devil of a job trying to hold an exposed place like this. If anybody launched a determined attack. . . ." He finished the sentence with a shrug of his shoulders. As if to lend force to his words there was an increase in the distant rifle fire, followed by the dull crump of an explosion. The firing reached a crescendo of bitterness, and there was a second crump. Then silence. A silence tight with strain, with the anguish of waiting for something else which might—or might not happen.

An elderly woman—Maeve had an idea she'd worked in one of the banks—sat up stiffly and compressed her lips.

"Someone should stop them," she quickly announced.

The captain gave a sad, fleeting smile. "It's too late for that now," he said grimly. "We might have done something—but the rest of the world decided that we were going the wrong way about it. It's up to the rest of the world from now on. We'll see if the critics can do any better."

"They're not exactly in a hurry to take over," drawled the Air Force officer.

"It's the misery," said the elderly woman. "The price paid by hundreds of ordinary, decent men and women just because fanatics and gangsters have seized control."

Carter of the potash works sighed. "That's not restricted to this unhappy, doomed land," he said. "It's the same story—creeping over Europe. It's a more beastly business than we fought against in the war to restore the healthy liberties of mankind."

Gordon Walsh shuffled in his chair. Quietly, to Maeve, he said: "That sort of talk doesn't help. I'm not leaving sympathy behind. The time for sentiment's over. It's a matter of saving ourselves, raking what we can out of the ashes and starting all over again. God! What a prospect."

"But Gordon—life was going to be a careless adventure!"

He looked at her gloomily.

"It was going to be," he agreed. "But—don't you see?—this has set the whole thing back. Those dreams have done a mirage fade on us. We must scrape along, somehow, until the time is ripe for us to dream again."

Perhaps he didn't see the dismay flooding into her eyes, taking the last remnants of sparkle out of them. He seemed unaware that he was failing her, that the splendid Gordon in whom she'd believed was turning into a pale ghost.

The Airways official was walking out of the room. Close at his heels went the fugitive woman. She'd fumbled in the bag which she'd gripped under one arm, and had produced some papers and a brown-covered passport. She held these as though they were a reprieve from death. The R.A.F. officer looked down at her and shook his head. Without another word, he followed.

The captain watched them go. His lips moved; but no sound came. There was compassion in his expression. Then as he glanced at his watch, it was gone. He jumped up.

Carter looked up at him inquiringly.

"My turn for duty," the captain explained. "I expect I'll see you later—out there. Your plane should be in soon. For heaven's sake get aboard as fast as you can. It's a certain signal for any snipers to open up." At the swing doors he hesitated. "I'm going with a patrol round the perimeter now." Then, with a friendly nod, he was gone.

"I wouldn't like his job," Carter muttered.

Gordon spoke. "After all," he said, "it *is* his job. He won't be suddenly kicked out. He's better off than some of us."

Carter's rather heavy face seemed to close down into gloom.

"You're right there," he agreed. "The prospect isn't too bright for some of us. What do we do to-morrow? I've had twelve years out here. Over forty. Who wants a man over forty? Can't you imagine some giggling promoted typist in a labour exchange saying: 'There's a gardener required, who can also drive a car. Can you drive a car? And—let me see—somebody wants a night-watchman. Must be pretty active because

there are very many flights of stairs'?"

"That's about it," said Gordon. "They'll be condescending back home, tell us we did a good job of work, and remind us that for some years there have been improved methods."

Carter chuckled sardonically. "And we're a little too old to learn," he chanted.

The elderly woman seemed to disapprove. She stiffened in her chair again.

"Perhaps we're not as badly off as that poor woman," she reminded them. "It's frightening—going to a strange country. Most probably the child will scarcely remember her. And her sister will have become anglicized. It isn't going to be easy for her—in spite of the fact that she probably feels all her troubles will be over if only she can get away."

There was an awkward silence. Then Gordon said: "Yes. I'm glad I haven't to be dealing with her case. These foreigners become so agitated. Can't look at anything calmly."

The elderly woman gave him a needle-sharp glance; but said nothing. Justin Lennox looked up from his book. Maeve thought that his face was thinner than it used to be. And there was a queer, other-world expression in his grey eyes. He blinked a little, as though emerging into the world afresh. Then, presumably disliking it, he withdrew into his book once more.

Conversation came to life again, languished, gave way to an uncomfortable, loaded silence. Then there were distant rifle shots. People started talking again—quickly, without apparent reason. Anything to drown the menace of the rifles. And suddenly, over it all, there came the heavy, tired droning of an aeroplane. Everybody stopped to listen. The plane seemed to pass overhead. In spite of the warning notice that it was advisable to keep away from the windows, one or two crossed to stare up into the darkening sky.

The drone of engines came nearer, then decreased, changed in tempo.

"She's circling to land!" cried Carter from the window.

"Thank God!" somebody gasped.

"Coming in!" Carter shouted. "She's coming. . . ." The rest of his words were drowned in a great roaring, which seemed to make all in the room vibrate. There was another sound, like the battering of a giant fan striking against some sticks as it revolved.

"She's touched down!" yelled Carter, and there was a muffled, self-conscious cheer.

Everybody jumped up. Not knowing quite how she reached it, Maeve found herself back in the great hall. The Air Force corporal was in attendance upon a pile of baggage. The Airways official was shouting: "No rushing, please! Plenty of time! Form into a line over here, please!"

The line was formed. It left a solitary figure over by the far wall, a figure whose hands clenched and unclenched with a constant, nervous movement. Maeve, uncomfortably, was aware of looking across at eyes which were growing a little larger, as though swelling with unshed tears. She looked away quickly, acutely miserable.

"Won't they ever get started?" Gordon grumbled. Then, more cheerfully. "It shouldn't be long now before we're leaving this accursed place a thousand feet below. At least, that will be a relief."

Maeve glanced back. She could just see Justin, leaning against the wall, most of his face concealed by the book which he was still reading.

The line moved slightly. On the left was a glass partitioned office, with some clerks on duty. Immediately ahead was an open door. There were troops there. One of them stepped forward to escort the first of the passengers. Maeve could just see them hurrying forward to the wide stretch of tarmac. Gordon squeezed her arm.

"It'll soon be over," he said. Then his impatience broke out. "Why they couldn't have checked our papers and the passenger list before beats me."

Maeve's head jerked round. The front doors had been (*Continued on page* 61)

GOYA HEATHER—for the open air ★ STUDIO—for sophisticated moments
Sherborne
Atmosphere of . . .
excitement-in-the-air . . . of
bewitchment created by you with
"Great Expectations" . . . Goya's perfume
for your party mood.
PERFUME BY
Goya
★ 161 NEW BOND STREET LONDON W.1

"...the extra quality in Craven 'A' is unmistakable... rich fine tobacco and – the cork tip for clean smoking"
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES
20
* THEY NEVER VARY
Craven 'A'
are MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Carreras, 150 Years' Reputation for Quality

swung open and a lieutenant came running in. He was young, so young that it seemed he should still have been at school. There was a troubled expression in his eyes. Straight along the line he went, to the Airways official.

"Where's Captain Rolfe?" he gasped. "There were two bombs flung in the village. Some women and kids injured. I think we might try to do something about it."

"He's somewhere around the perimeter," was the swift answer.

"I'll take a chance!" the youngster snapped. "Two cars—we might be able to do something."

Suddenly, Maeve seemed to stop breathing. A calm voice behind her said: "My name's Lennox. I'm a doctor. I might be able to assist." Looking back, she saw Justin step out of the line.

The Airways official stared, darted forward. "I daren't hold the plane, doctor," he said.

Justin gave a slow smile. "Maybe you can find somebody to take my place," he said quietly. And he looked across at the woman who was standing by the far wall, quivering. Then he added: "Keep my luggage back.

Incident At Lydda

Maybe there'll be another plane—some other day." He turned to the lieutenant. "I've my instruments with me." He held out a square, black case. "Shall we go?"

They hurried to the row of swing doors. The Airways official hesitated, made up his mind. Beckoned to the woman who stood alone. Tears began to flood down her face as she came across to stand in the line, filling the gap left by Justin.

Then a spring inside Maeve snapped. The heels of her shoes clattered determinedly as she stepped forward.

"I'm going with him!" she cried. "I can help—I've done nursing."

Behind her there was confusion. Gordon shouting. The Airways official shouting. Others calling out. Sounds which meant nothing. She raced to one of the great swing doors, pulled it open.

"Justin!" she cried. "Justin! Wait for me!"

Over Lydda the sky showed red with the fire flames. It was like a new dawn.

END

An Old English Town

(*Continued from page* 29)

town as we may trace it to-day, gradually took shape. Only one of the seven gates now remains, the thirteenth-century Broadgate which guarded the approach by Ludlow Bridge. Within the safety of the walls, wool became the chief industry; John de Ludlow, one of the clothiers of the thirteenth century, bought Stokesay Castle, and his son castellated it—it remains to-day the finest example in the country. Other trades flourished, controlled by two powerful guilds, known as "Hammermen" and "Stitchmen," so named from the trades which used hammers and needles. Their banners may still be seen in the Museum in Mill Street.

Most magnificent of the line of Welsh Border Castles from Chepstow to Chester, the fortress of Ludlow was in use over a period of six centuries, in contrast to many castles which suffered decay after half this period. It was the baronial seat of the Norman de Lacys from 1085 to 1300; then a stronghold for the Earls of March until 1460; and lastly used by the Council of the Marches of Wales until 1689.

Much Norman work remains, the West doorway of the Round Chapel being very fine. Roger Mortimer, at one time the chief power in England, rebuilt it as a stately mansion and this fourteenth-century work forms the bulk of the remains. Roger, the powerful Earl of March, by marrying into the Lacy's family in 1306, thereby added to his strength and almost usurped the throne when in open warfare with Edward II. Escaping from the Tower of London, he fled to France and was joined by Edward's Queen Isabella, whose lover he had become. Their plotting succeeded, Edward was murdered in Berkeley Castle, and Roger ruled England, through her young son Edward III, as Regent from 1330 to 1334. Royalists, however, contrived his capture and he paid the penalty at Tyburn by being hung, drawn, and quartered.

Ludlow Castle continued to provide romantic history through the centuries and in 1634 *The Masque of Comus* was first performed. On Michaelmas evening John Milton's great poem was given in a grand setting: the Great Hall built by Roger Mortimer.

The town abounds in old timbered houses and has many fine examples of Georgian dignity, the architecture we are gradually appreciating for its true worth. Perhaps the Feathers Hotel is the best known; it is dated 1603, and inside are beautiful ceilings and a fine overmantel bearing the arms of James I. It is said the old door has 350 iron studs in it and has been there the same number of years. The Butter Cross, built in 1743, makes a happy contrast with the black and white timber across the narrow street, the fifteenth-century tower of the church rising over all, giving the three periods of Gothic, Jacobean, and Baroque.

A. E. Housman, whose ashes are here, writes of Ludlow in his *Shropshire Lad*:

> "Oh, come you home on Sunday
> When Ludlow's streets are still
> And Ludlow's bells are calling
> To farm and lane and mill.
> Or come you home on Monday
> When Ludlow Market hums
> And Ludlow chimes are playing
> The Conquering Hero Comes."

The church is one of the finest parish churches we have, being also one of the largest, with the proportions of a cathedral.

The church has many treasures and is entered through an unusual six-sided porch which has a room above, built 600 years ago. There are no less than five screens of the same date guarding the fine chancel. The font is the oldest thing in the church, at least Norman, and possibly Saxon. The seven great windows of medieval glass glow with beautiful colour, some with what is known as Ludlow blue glass. The east window shows scenes with 300 figures, relating the life and miracles of St. Laurence; the Lady Chapel has a fine Jesse Tree.

Mill Street should be seen from its Guildhall (once the Hall of the Palmers' Guild); Assembly Rooms, and Museum: all illustrating the perfect harmony of the Regency period.

END

What Would You Do?

(*Continued from page* 43)

1. Go to the police. Give them evidence of your identity and they will see you through.

2. Ring up your hostess and ask for guidance.

3. Apologize to your hostess in private.

4. Confess that the stakes are beyond you and ask to be excused. If you haven't the courage for this don't mix with bridge players.

5. Neither. Stop playing up. It takes two to make a flirtation.

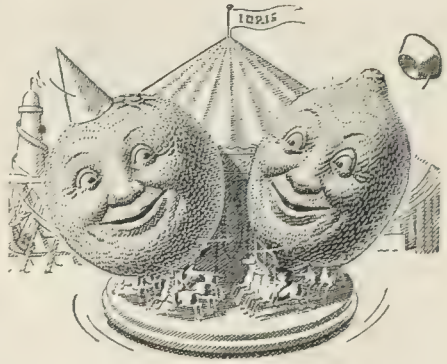
6. Accept the offer and cover yourself by an understanding with your employers.

7. Make a clean breast of it *and* go to the concert to show your adaptability to his tastes.

8. Confess your lapse of memory.

END

We are now ROUND-AND-ABOUT AGAIN



IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink

SQUASHES **3/-** PER BOTTLE

THE BEST NEWS YET

For Blonde or Brunette

And now the good "tempered" Kirbigrip can help you glorify your glamour—in FOUR LOVELY COLOURS, specially made for your hairshade, also in three sizes to suit every hairstyle. STANDARD—choice of Golden Blonde, Silver-Grey, Black or Brown. EXTRA LONG—Black or Brown. ★NEW SMALL CURL SIZE—in Black or Brown.

The good 'tempered'

"KIRBIGRIP"

Obtainable from all good Stores, made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd. Birmingham & London

Tea without tears

The secret is to make all your sweets BUSH-flavoured" says Mrs B

Broad grins and tickled palates come to the table when Bush comes to tea! You can make cooking simple and toothsome by using Bush Essences for cakes, tarts, flans, jellies, and other tea-time goodies—it's the essence of good cooking.

BUSH Liquid FLAVOURS

12 Delicious Flavours

Almond · Banana · Cherry
Coconut · Lemon · Orange
Peppermint · Raspberry · Ratafia
Rum · Strawberry · Vanilla

What's going on?

'HARRINGTONS' of course!

THE most absorbent and softest of "nappies", the more often they are washed the softer they become.

Harringtons SQUARES REG'D

AS USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES

HARRINGTONS (LONDON) LTD.
(late of Cheapside),
329, Brighton Road,
South Croydon, Surrey.

Also Baby Soap and Baby Powder

But Is There A Future In It?

(*Continued from page 39*)

employment on the staff of a model dress-making house, or as a free-lance mannequin. As such, the work is somewhat irregular except for the most sought-after models, and she will need perfect health and the hardihood to adapt herself to the demands of the moment, such as wearing furs on a tropical summer day, standing for tedious hours of fitting, not to say keeping her sense of values intact in the conditions imposed by a profession depending upon the superficial qualities of good looks. A successful mannequin makes money and sees life, but the life is a short, if gay one. Youth is all-important.

COMMERCIAL Art is another great draw for young women who have shown initial promise with a sketch-board. Here, again, it is right to bear in mind that there are many people with a superficial talent, far fewer with the real flair for success in a very overcrowded market. The numbers of students who yearly graduate from art schools to-day without a prospect of finding employment is, frankly, formidable. Again, the reduction in the size of newspapers, periodicals and advertising columns is a militating factor. Though your daughter may be able to draw very prettily, it is a certainty that her gifts and her determination must be equal to the teeming difficulties which obtain in the market for commercial art to-day. Weigh the prospects carefully and take expert professional opinion upon her talents before committing her to a long and expensive training which may leave her floundering in an overcrowded profession.

It must be said of every type of employment requiring professional standards of ability that inclination is not enough. There is no easy road to success. A parent's task is to decide with all the impartiality which can be mustered and aided by unprejudiced advice, whether or not the young careerist has, first, the embryonic qualities for the job and, second, the lasting enthusiasm to face inevitable and often disappointing preliminaries to fame.

END

Very Odd Men Out

(*Continued from page 20*)

pursuers is Léon Degrelle, who founded the Belgian Rexists. Most Belgians would shoot Degrelle many times over. I remember him well when he started his tricks in the early thirties, a voluble, self-hypnotized, dark-haired young man of good appearance ("*très sportif*"), Léon could collect the sycophants, all *très sportifs*.

Degrelle took after Musso and never meant to put Belgium under the German jackboot; but circumstances caused Hitler to tower over him. The Germans had small use for Léon during the occupation and he was fortunate to make a getaway through France, speaking the language perfectly, as the Walloon he is. After dallying in Spain until the red light showed, Degrelle was luckier still in Portugal, where he came within an ace of being grabbed as he took ship for The Only Land. The plotting, the confabulations that must go on there, as Europe shows fissure upon fissure.

Portugal still shelters two odd men out, who once held the highest posts.

Count Dino Grandi, former Italian Foreign Minister and Ambassador in London, is one of those who deems it advisable not to avail himself yet of the way back which has been vouchsafed him. He was acquitted of all charges last winter. He'd like to go home for more than nostalgic reasons. He has valuable estates and had blossomed into a big farmer; and how much more alluring that would be than teaching languages in a Lisbon suburb!

Ah! but just where are those estates situated? Alas! the Grandi family fief is near Bologna, Italy's Communist capital in the centre of the Red Po Valley. Dino must know how the local Reds roared at his acquittal (the prosecution had asked for eight years), so beardless and fifty, he finds it healthier by the Tagus.

Second odd man out in these parts is General Noguès. Forgotten him? Of course. Yet he meant much for or against us in 1940. Noguès was a misguided white-headed boy of Lyautey, even as Weygand proved to be the same in relation to Foch. Each of their masters would have acted as de Gaulle.

Noguès held all North Africa at the time of the French collapse, could have "come in" with England, avoiding Oran, avoiding how much else! He chose to be a Pétain Viceroy until compelled to flee from Morocco to Lisbon at Christmas, 1942; and there he is with his Madame la Générale. He hasn't been tried in his absence and draws his pension on the understanding that he stays where he is.

I do not include Bormann because it's evens whether he's alive or not. If yes, no doubt this sub-human type is not a thousand leagues distant from such a one as Vittorio Mussolini—the young gentleman who loved to bomb Ethiopians and watch them "open like a rose." Vittorio is quite a hero at Rosario.

More certain, there's an odd and dangerous customer "out" in the shape of Fritz Kuhn, former head of the Nazi Bund in the United States. Kuhn had a big job given him by Hitler: to keep Americans quiet by demonstrating the enormous pro-German influence in their midst. Pearl Harbour torpedoed Kuhn's hopes; yet that hardly explains American action not only in acquitting this man who sought to lull and undermine them, but in returning him to Germany "for denazification." Kuhn promptly escaped in the American Zone where a strong Nazi current is forming under the usual comic initials.

Which prompts me to mention the oddest man ever to come out of a submarine: Pastor Niemöller.

Pastor Niemöller is a wow. He began his career in a U-boat in 1915, started not liking Kaiserism when it was going under in 1918; saw the light, in course of years became one of the radium-rare open critics of Hitlerism in Germany.

Was it "fixed" in order that Hitler might say: "They call me a dictator and I allow this man to say what he likes and remain at liberty!"

Well! Well! Now here is Pastor Niemöller bobbing up again, this time to inveigh against denazification tribunals which will "poison our life for a generation," and calling for an "outspoken Right-wing Party" which is exactly the pattern under which the up-and-coming Nazis in the American Zone are working. Pastor Niemöller, slippery politician 'neath a cassock, is one of those who, I imagine, must be surprised he's been out and about for so long.

You know others, as well as I do, who must likewise think it odd that they are out. . . .

In France, all those condemned to "national disgrace" qualify as odd men out in a very real manner. There are 100,000 of them, and they may take no part in public life, even a particle of it, neither may they practise their former professions, trades or callings. What an invitation to trouble! Former Premier Chautemps would be of their number, did he return to France. He has five years loss of national dignity chalked against him, but prefers to work it out in Washington where he teaches French in a modest street.

Chautemps was hand in glove with Foreign Minister Bonnet in the machinations which led to France's emasculation in 1940. After living in Vichy France, Bonnet and his beautiful lady who so astounded the Savoy, retired to Lausanne where the air is so salubrious.

The oldest and in some ways the luckiest of our company is that quondam Admiral on a White Horse, Nicolaus Horthy. What this old boy has got (*Continued on page 64*)

I THINK I DESERVE ONE TOO *says OLD HETHERS*

I've been run off my feet all summer, now that Robinson's is back in bottles again. And it's small wonder there's been such a rush after all these years we've had to do without it. Why, it seems even more popular than in the old days.

Robinson's
LEMON BARLEY WATER

CVS-165

It's my BIG DAY

It started when I woke—with presents, now there's my party—with Jellies. Yes, Chivers—Mummy was clever to get them. I love Chivers Jellies, don't you ?

CHIVERS JELLIES

Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juice

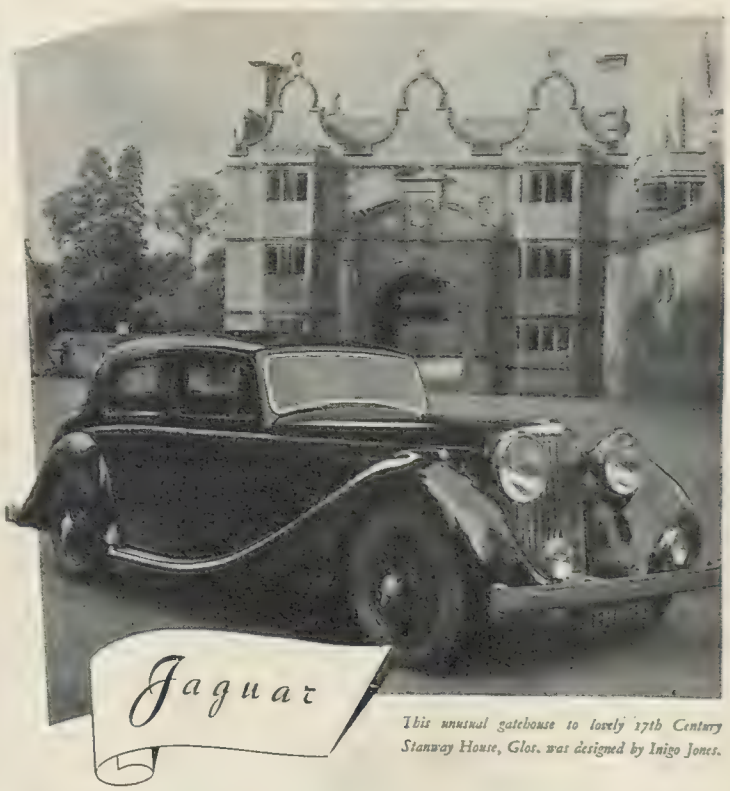
CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE

GJ459

Delicious meals . .
the 'Prestige' way!

Summer vegetables will soon be at their best, but you don't know how truly delicious they are until you have cooked them in the 'Prestige' Pressure Cooker. Imagine — green peas in *one minute*, new potatoes in *eight*, asparagus in *two*, etc., and how you'll enjoy their garden fresh flavour and colour. Meats, soups and vegetables are all unbelievably appetising and nutritious, for the 'Prestige' 'seals in' all the natural salts and vitamins. This attractive Pressure Cooker is made in convenient family size of gleaming drawn aluminium. The Table Serving Cover converts your 'Prestige' into a stream-lined casserole for serving many dishes piping hot at the table. Obtainable from leading Stores and Ironmongers.

Complete with Cooking Rack, Table Serving Cover and Instruction and Recipe Book



This unusual gatehouse to lovely 17th Century Stanway House, Glos. was designed by Inigo Jones.

Occupying a unique position in British Motoring, the Jaguar, at the same time, enjoys universal approval. Tangible evidence of this has been given at the Paris, Geneva and Brussels Exhibitions as well as throughout the Empire and the Americas. Jaguar Cars are naturally proud of their success in Britain's export drive. Jaguar Cars Limited, Holbrook Lane, Coventry.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD

NIGGER and PINK CARDIGAN in CAMPANULA 3-ply

Knit this smart cardigan in "Target" Campanula 3-ply from Leaflet No. 630, price 5d. post free from our Dept.B.E.

Target
REG. TRADE MARK
WON'T STRETCH - WON'T SHRINK

KNITTING WOOLS
GEORGE LEE & SONS LTD., WAKEFIELD

***4 out of 5 may get Gum Trouble**

but not me!

Guard against—*Tender, Sore, Spongy, and Bleeding Gums.* Dentists for many years have used Forhans astringent and reported completely satisfactory results. They also recommend Forhans Special Formula for the Gums Dentifrice for use at home because it contains the special ingredient of Forhans astringent. See your dentist regularly.

*Based on clinical reports

away with! For thirty years—he's now eighty—Nick has managed to eat his cake and have it. Just as, after the first World War, he juggled himself into the Regency of Hungary with British backing, so after the second World War he has juggled himself into a comfortable old age in Bavaria, with American backing. Horthy can, apparently, do no wrong, and it doesn't matter which side he is on or what wars he loses.

Ungallant not to cite one or two "odd women out."

Leni Riefenstahl, Hitler's Film Star No. 1, finds it hard indeed to quench in her vaulting spirit, memories of her loftiness. She feels she has a right to do what others may not, such as cross zonal frontiers. But Leni is now past forty and, though imperious still, not so hot, so she takes a rap. The same superiority complex, as an ex-Hitler Woman, First Class, impels pilot Hanna Reitsch to do things she shouldn't. Hanna, who used to test the most difficult prototypes, found it beyond her to hitch-hike to Vienna.

END

Breakfast For Three

(*Continued from page 28*)

hesitate and blush. I might even mention the fifteen-pound pike you caught yesterday."

Sir John was still standing at the table. On mature consideration he sat down again.

"Look here," he began in a more reasonable tone, "what do you hope to gain from this business?"

"I've explained it to you. I'm getting my own back and I assure you it is a most satisfying feeling. Surely you must see the curious parallel between this case and . . . that other one? And what could be more understandable than the strong silent lawyer falling in love with the pretty little woman who had faced him for three hours in the witness-box? It's positively romantic! Why, it's almost like a film! It's better than a film!"

"All I did was my duty," he insisted. "As it was, you very nearly got away with it. The jury was obviously on your side in the early part of the case."

"If you hadn't been so overpowering, so much like a tank, I should have got away with it. Right was on my side. Now that it no longer matters I can assure you of that."

"I see your point of view," he said reluctantly. "I . . . I'm sorry."

She looked at him in frank surprise.

"I am," he insisted. "And not merely because I made you my enemy."

The waiter came out at this juncture, coughed, and announced that Sir John's taxi was ready.

"Thank you," the lawyer said shortly.

"I, too, am leaving this morning," she said sweetly. "Odd, isn't it, that our visits should have coincided? Just a pleasant little week-end and then you go one way, I the other. All so discreet . . . until it's found out."

"I shall not hesitate," he said slowly, "to tell the simple truth in the witness-box, should the occasion arise. And—I speak with rather more experience than you have—the jury will accept my word. And what will your already tarnished reputation be like then?"

"Even more tarnished . . , if you dared to tell the simple truth, and if you were to get away with it. But I don't mind in the least. You know, Sir John, I've never enjoyed a breakfast more in my life: the toast is positively delicious."

He was watching her grimly.

"My God, how you hate me!"

"Not so much now, Sir John," she smiled. "I'm almost sorry for you. You are so completely in my power. I'm rather a good actress . . . most women are if they have to be. I can hesitate, even blush—incredible as the fact may be to you—and the ordinary jury is peculiarly susceptible. I may even infer that the fault was mine. In short, my dear Sir John, I've got you where I want you, as they say in the films. And whether you win or lose the case in the Divorce Court, you will still have to face the electorate at the next election. And you know as well as I do what the result will be."

He was watching her closely; and when he spoke his manner had changed. "It's rather a pity that the whole thing is based on lies," he said. "If we *had* decided to spend the week-end together it might have been a most amusing experience."

"Who knows!" she said calmly.

Slowly he smiled. "I wish I had tumbled to your little game earlier. 'Pon my soul, I'd have given it a touch of realism; and you say that door was unlocked?"

"I didn't say anything of the kind—I'm not yet in the witness-box, by the way. I said I had taken out the key and that the chambermaid is an observant creature."

"It would have served you right if I had treated you as you deserve to be treated . . ." he said.

"And how do you think I deserve to be treated? I ask merely out of curiosity."

"In your present impish mood you're a most attractive woman," he said, as if the fact surprised him.

"Thank you, Sir John. Now that you've dropped your bullying you're quite human and pleasant. But I mustn't keep you from all those important cases that await you."

But he still remained watching her. "Most attractive," he repeated. "A thought occurs to me," he went on. "If my wife brings a suit and cites you as co-respondent, I could avoid publicity by not defending it. How do you stand then?"

"Obviously . . . you would have to ask me to marry you when it was all over, as I told you before. But I should insist, before I even thought of accepting you, that you promise not to bully or browbeat unfairly any more unfortunate women you have in the witness box."

"I fancy I could make that promise now. This morning has been rather an eye-opener. It's strange that I never noticed before what an extraordinarily attractive woman you are."

She looked at him with a new interest. "It might be rather exciting to find out if there is anything in you besides your cleverness," she said thoughtfully. "As always, Sir John, you're switching the whole affair round to your own point of view. Here's that man again."

"Oh, confound him," said the lawyer.

"He *is* good-looking, isn't he?" she said, and there was that in her tone which made him glance sharply at her. To his increasing surprise she beckoned to the man, who turned and came up the steps to the Terrace.

Sir John waited in silence, looking from one to the other.

"May I introduce . . . Mr. Roger Wendover—Sir John Gaddesden," she said demurely.

"I . . . I'm afraid I don't understand," Sir John began, but his words trickled out.

"I don't either," the other man said.

"Indeed, I think it's up to you," he went on to the lady. "I've done exactly as you asked me to do. Now if you'll be so good as to explain what it's all about."

She looked from one man to the other and a slow smile broke over her face.

"I'm afraid my wife has a very subtle sense of humour," Roger Wendover said.

"Your *wife!*" Sir John almost shouted.

"I quite forgot to tell you, Sir John, we were married last Friday. How careless of me! We're on our honeymoon."

"And I need my breakfast," her husband said. "A joke is a joke, but I still need my breakfast. And then I want to know what the joke is all about."

"I'll explain it all, darling, when we're alone. I really couldn't in front of Sir John. It would be far too embarrassing for you . . . and for Sir John."

"In any case he's just going," said the lawyer pleasantly. "But before I go may I congratulate you most heartily." He held out his hand to the husband and the two men shook hands.

(*Continued on page 66*)

THE

Chilprufe Public and its Coupons

We are making all the Chilprufe garments we are permitted for the Home Trade. They are entirely for Infants and Young Children, and there is a steady flow through the Chilprufe agents.

In more plentiful supply is Chilprufe Pure Wool Utility, remarkably good value which can be bought with every confidence when protective and dependable underwear is needed.

Wise mothers therefore will be reserving their coupons for Chilprufe.

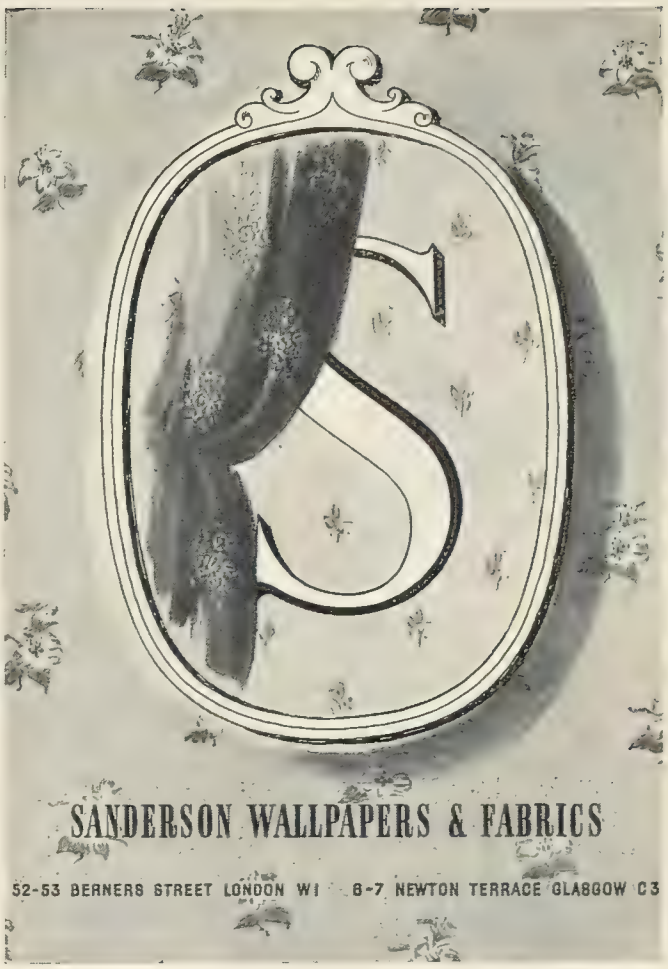
Also CHILPRUFE Dresses, Rompers, Cardigans, Buster Suits for toddlers, Shoes for Babies and Pram Toys.

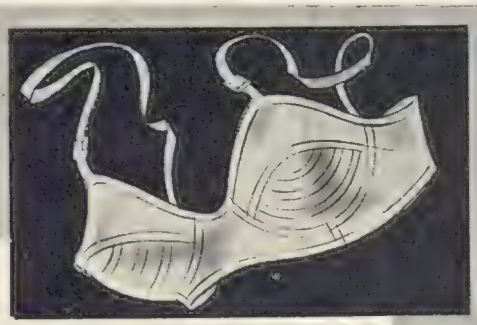
MAN TAILORED COATS

The distinctive styling and perfect cut make this range of coats irresistible. In attractive Utility and Non-Utility cloths with generous hems and smart accessories. Write for Illustrated Leaflet.

CHILPRUFE LIMITED LEICESTER

C.H.296





A - B - C - D as easy as that.
Four fittings in every size Brassiere.
A for small bust, B for average,
C for large and D if you're a little larger still. Designed in every size for perfect fitting and beautiful line.
Le Gant "STA-UP-TOP",
the girdle with a smooth waist-line that just can't roll over!

Warner's
LE GANT
Now in limited distribution.

NEW

non-utility

3 GNS ONLY!

Fashioned from hundreds of fine materials—checks, pin-heads, stripes, etc.—notice the clever waistband. Your local stockists will have a good selection

GOR-RAY *skirts one better!*
Registered

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond St W1

"There she goes!"

On the beach, in the sea, her flashing smile attracts men all day long. And she uses Odol because she's careful with her teeth and knows there isn't a better toothpaste in the world than Odol with its famous 'Balanced 8' ingredients.

Wouldn't you like an Odol Smile?

I'M GLAD MUM'S BETTER!

WHEN DOES MY PARTY START, MUM?
OH, DONT WORRY ME DEAR. IVE A DREADFUL HEADACHE
SHE TOOK YEAST VITE
OH DEAR! I CANT GO ON. POP NEXT DOOR AND SEE IF Mrs BROWN HAS ANY YEAST-VITE
CERTAINLY LOVE. HERE YOU ARE. MUST HAVE MUMMY FIT FOR THE PARTY
LATER
I'M GLAD MUMMY'S HEADACHE HAS GONE!

If you suffer from **HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAINS, NERVE PAINS, NEURALGIA OR SLEEPLESSNESS,** try Yeast-Vite Tablets yourself.

YEAST-VITE

"Pick-Me-Up" Tablets, 1/6 & 3/8

"Good-bye, Mrs. Wendover," he went on, turning to the lady and facing her smiling eyes unflinchingly.

"Good-bye, Sir John," she replied. "I've enjoyed our little chat so much."

"And now, darling, I'll tell you all about it," she went on as the great lawyer turned away.

"Not until I've ordered my breakfast," her husband said firmly.

END

Breakfast For Three

"The Look" In Wool

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 17 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 94 sts. Rib 2 rows k. 1, p. 1. Work 1 in.

Next row.—(K. 20, k. 3 tog.) three times, k. 25.

Work 13 rows st.st.

Next row.—K. 19, k. 3 tog. (k. 18, k. 3 tog.) twice, k. 24.

Work 13 rows st.st.

Next row.—K. 18, k. 3 tog. (k. 16, k. 3 tog.) twice, k. 23.

Work 13 rows.

Next row.—K. 17, k. 3 tog. (k. 14, k. 3 tog.) twice, k. 22.

Work 13 rows st.st.

Next row.—K. 16, k. 3 tog. (k. 12, k. 3 tog.) twice, k. 21.

P. 1 row.

Next row (make buttonhole).—K. 8, cast off 4, k. to end of row.

Next row.—P. to the last 12 sts., cast on 4, p. 8.

Work 2 rows. Change to No. 12 needles. Work ½ in. k. 1, p. 1.

Change to No. 10 needles, work 1 in. st.st. Then inc. 1 st. at the side edge on the next and every 6th row following until 74 sts. *At the same time,* continue making buttonholes on every 23rd and 24th row, from the previous buttonhole, and 15 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 60 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 14 sts. at the beg. of the next front edge row. Work for 2 ins., at the same time casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 34 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 17 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for the right front with shaping at the opposite edges, omitting buttonholes and reading the dec. rows backwards.

SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 80 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2 rows. Change to st.st. Work 2 ins. K. 3 rows (to bring patt. on the right side for cuff). Now inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 90 sts. and work measures 7 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alternate row until 60 sts. remain. Then 1 st. each end of every row until 34 sts. remain. Then 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Turn up the lower edge ½ in. on the wrong side and hem down. Turn back each side edge of fronts on the wrong side and hem (½-in. hem). With a No. 12 crochet hook work 1 row of d.c. round neck and cuff edges. Press all seams and hems. Cover buttons with tartan ribbon. Sew on to front. Sew on collar. Make a ribbon bow of the tartan ribbon and sew on to front of neck. Make slots each side of waist for belt.

END

Striped And Ruched

(*Continued from page* 36)

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 27 sts. very tightly, at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Return to the 33 sts. and work to correspond with the last 33 sts.

THE BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles, inc. 1 st. in every 5th st. of the next row only. Continue in st.st. (1 row k., 1 row p.). Work until 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain.

Continue until armhole measures 3 ins. Divide sts. for back opening. Work 48 sts., place the remaining 48 sts. on a spare needle. Work on the first 48 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 14 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work 1 in. at the same time knitting 2 tog. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 15 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Return to the 48 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles and black wool, cast on 72 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in., inc. in every 5th st. of the last row only. Change to No. 10 needles and st.st. until work measures 6 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 60 sts. remain. Cast off 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and black wool cast on 126 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press the back and sleeves only (omitting the ribbing). Sew up the shoulder, side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the neck ribbing. With a No. 12 crochet hook, work 2 rows of d.c. each side of the back opening. Work buttonhole loops on the right-hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on button to the left-hand side of back opening.

END

What Is Your Mileage?

(*Continued from page* 40)

Can you time yourself at them and examine your methods of say, washing up, ironing, or cleaning silver. Housework is a job for which few women are trained, nevertheless there are good systems and bad ones though we stick to indifferent methods because they are familiar.

Do get rid of the idea that you can't *sit* to do some of your cooking jobs, preparing vegetables, ironing and cleaning silver for instance. Get off your feet whenever you reasonably can, if only for five minutes.

Finally bear in mind that fatigue is bred of frustration and monotony. Take yourself in hand and don't imagine that any old garment is good enough for housework, ninety per cent of the day is spent at work, so wear something pleasing as well as practical. Make time for relaxation and for interests *outside* the house. A bored and exhausted housewife is no asset to any home, however well run.

END

302/4/T

Magic Mist

sets your hair a-gleam with exciting highlights

Just one minute, madam! The magic touch of Kemt transforms your hair from limp to lustrous, from dull to adorable. Your hair gleams at once with natural, glamorous lights. The secret is simple. Kemt contains elements equal in all physical characteristics to the natural secretions of the hair glands, giving life and lustre to the hair. Kemt-in-a-minute makes your hair supple and easy to manage. It will set quickly and keep in position. Remember the golden rule for hair beauty — go to your hairdresser twice a month and use Kemt twice a day.

Kemt-in-a-minute

Kemt

MAGIC MIST

for hair beauty

Above: *Magnified section of hair before spraying with Kemt. Looks rough and dull, lacks lustre*

Above: *Section of hair sprayed with Kemt. It is smooth, gleaming*

THE NEW 'MIST-IFIER'

— breathes a subtle invisible mist, fine as gossamer, over your hair. Elegant and practical, the new 'MIST-IFIER' *is a marvellous little invention of ingenious construction which you will love to have on your dressing table. This new spray is simplicity itself, both in design and use, has nothing to break or wear out, and can be used with one hand only, leaving the other free for brush or comb.*

IN 2 SHADES: LIGHT AND DARK *From all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores*

An enchanting nightdress by Kayser Bondor in frilled nylon chiffon, designed for easy laundering, with shoulder straps and drawstring top that will untie. Remember — Kayser Bondor nightdresses are cut in the same "7-size" range as our princess slips.

Price 72/6d. (including purchase tax). In a variety of styles.

KAYSER BONDOR

NIGHTIES

The World's Best-Known EMBROCATION

Enjoying universal favour for over a hundred years, Elliman's continues to grow in popularity, and is undoubtedly the World's best-known Embrocation. It has been used and trusted by generations of sufferers from

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO
SCIATICA STIFFNESS Etc.

RUB IN ELLIMAN'S

RUB OUT PAIN

Dumpijars or Handitubes

POST YOUR FILMS to **WILL R. ROSE LTD**

23, Bridge St. Row, Chester
133/134, High Street, Oxford
25, The Promenade, Cheltenham
and get '*MAGNA*' *Prints* (Reg.)

"Baby's woollie has been washed every week for ten months — people still think it's new . . thanks to Mam-'sel!"

WASHED

43 TIMES *and* **STILL**

has that **NEW** *look!*

Your precious woollens, too, will stay soft and fluffy, and retain their first bright colours, for Mam-'sel eliminates 'Limesoap' harshness and minimises felting and shrinking. Its rich lather is gentle with stockings, silks and all delicate fabrics too.

Mam-'sel

FOR WASHING WOOLLENS

7d. for 6 oz.
also NEW GIANT PACK — 16 oz. for 1/4

Used and recommended by woollen manufacturers since 1933.

KERFOOTS
MEDICINAL
LOZENGES

based on the skill
and experience of
three generations

KERFOOT

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.
Vale of Bardsley • Lancashire

K27

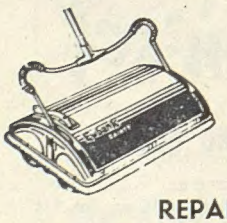
BERMALINE BREAD
BAKED BY APPOINTED BAKERS

THERE'S
★ VITALITY
IN
Bermaline

ASK YOUR BAKER

Pick up crumbs, dust, grit and litter quickly, easily and quietly with the

Ewbank



CARPET
SWEEPER

Although supplies are still limited, *you'll be thankful you waited for a Ewbank!*

REPAIRS:
Your old Ewbank can be re-conditioned—*Ask your Retailer.*

In Search Of Glamour (*Continued from page 42*)

the fingertips around the hairline, a good stiff hairbrush to follow the massage and a touch of brilliantine smoothed in with a soft brush to give the hair a sheen. If you pluck your own eyebrows, a magnifying glass is essential as it shows you exactly which way the smallest hair is growing and enables you to use the tweezers on each hair separately and pull it out in the direction from which it is growing. This prevents the hair breaking off and leaving a stubbly end. An eyelash brush with a tiny spot of vaseline rubbed well in will keep the eyebrows well-groomed and growing in the right direction. For sparse eyelashes a separate eyelash brush should be used and anointed with a suspicion of ordinary castor oil. In my opinion, the best eyelash cosmetic is Max Factor's. It is waterproof and does not make the eyes smart. There is a theory that if you keep your mouth open while you apply the eyelash cosmetic you will never get the cosmetic in your eye.

A magnifying mirror is the most useful guide to your complexion. It will show you the tiniest blackheads or any open pore area but don't be frightened into drastic treatment with heavy creams and strong astringents. The best treatment is still a good brisk massage with a light face cream—after the cream has been thoroughly removed with tissues, the face should be rinsed with plenty of cool water and given plenty of friction with a rubber sponge. In my opinion the mildest tonic is the best. Nothing has ever surpassed Arden's face tonic which is the mildest I know.

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

world? Miss Anne Meredith's **"The Sisters"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.) are two old women immured in a big, solitary house, and we have to revert to the 1860s when they were girls in a country rectory to unearth the love-drama that changed their lives and made them recluses till death. A story of character that fits admirably the author's quiet style.

IN Mr. Winston Clewes's **"Journey Into Spring"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) the hermit is an army officer who inherits a baronetcy and derelict country mansion after years spent as a prisoner of war. Sick, embittered, drunken, he is redeemed from despair when a village lad whom he has befriended brings his girl to the house to have her baby secretly. If you think you have had enough of embittered ex-war martyrs and a cheerful one would be a change, Mr. Clewes's method of presenting his should yet hold you to a well-told human story.

CONFLICT between a playwright and a county cricketer who used to bully him at school leads to murder in Mr. Frank Baker's **"My Friend the Enemy"** (Boardman, 8s. 6d.); murder brings up, topically, the whole problem of capital punishment. On this theme he has strung a forceful story, clever and gripping, even when not wholly plausible.

WHAT a passion for detail—dispensable or not, according to one's taste and leisure—most U.S. novelists have! In **"East Side, West Side"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.), Miss Marcia Davenport spends the first eight of her 380 pages getting her heroine out of bed! But the story develops into an engrossing diagnosis of miscarriage, brought to a head when rich, spoilt, lovely Jessie Bourne comes under the spell of a general of dominating character. A novel of strong woman-interest in New York setting, by the author of *Valley of Decision*.

WOMAN-INTEREST is foremost, too, in Miss Mabel Seeley's powerful study of a poor Middle West girl working in a store who is dazzled by her employer's display of money, goes for the good things of life—at a price—and becomes **"Woman of Property"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). Frieda Schlempke is no idealized Cinderella; she can be tough and conscienceless in getting what she wants; but she's human, vital, real.

So is Nick Romano, whose tragic odyssey from Chicago backstreet to underworld and electric chair focuses the problem of juvenile delinquency in Mr. Willard Motley's **"Knock on Any Door"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.). His crime background, which he seems to know at first-hand, is ruthlessly frank, often unpleasant. A first novel bang on the target, whose problems are, in a different way, ours.

AN escape—into a world of fantasy—is afforded by Claude Silbe's **"Eastward in Eden"** (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.), in which a small boy, kidnapped from the gardens of Second Empire Versailles, is taken by gipsies to a Turkish palace called Sablomine on the North African coast, and there lives a life as enchanting as the Arabian Nights. In Miss Evelyn Hatch's translation from the French the story has the beauty of a rich tapestry.

A collection of shorts, each with its distinctive snap, is Miss Kay Boyle's **"Thirty Stories"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.), whose best include *Wedding Day*, *Black Boy*, *Defeat*. Miss C. Fox Smith's **"Painted Ports"** (Oxford University Press, 8s. 6d.), a story for juniors continuing the adventures of Barty Dale, is beautifully produced, with clear type on good paper, and excellent drawings by C. Walter Hodges.

HERE is a list of other books recommended to readers:

NOVELS

"The Gilded Jar," a story set against the vivid background of the West African coast, by Margery Lawrence (Robert Hale, 10s. 6d.); F. E. Baily's romantic novel of the gracious days of Queen Victoria, **"Pilgrimage of Grace"** (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); and **"Eric of Pevensey's Fortune,"** a medieval tale by J. V. Hewes (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.).

DETECTIVE FICTION

Good detective yarns include another unusual novel by Mary Fitt called **"Death and the Bright Day"**,(Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Woman At Bay,"** a thriller with a diplomatic background by George Harmon Coxe (Hammond, Hammond, 8s. 6d.); and **"Triangle with Curves,"** a witty thriller by Robert Carson (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Cat Breeding and General Management," by P. M. Soderberg (Cassell, 21s.), is a valuable book that no cat fancier should miss; **"Howe and Hummel,"** by Richard H. Rovere, is the amazing story of New York's notorious crook lawyers at the end of last century (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.); Simon Dewes's lively history of London, **"Temple Bar Tapestry"** (Rich and Cowan, 16s.); **"The British Achievement in India,"** by H. G. Rawlinson (Hodge, 15s.); and two excellent illustrated books for music lovers published by Max Parrish and Co. at 6s. each, **"Chamber Music,"** by A. Hyatt King and **"Covent Garden,"** by Desmond Shawe-Taylor.

END

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1., Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

1.8.48

The MODERN *way*
to Loveliness

Number Seven

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

FOUNDATION LOTION • FOUNDATION CREAM • COMPLEXION MILK
CLEANSING CREAM • SKIN TONIC • FACE POWDER

Obtainable only from branches of

The Boots Chemists

Beauty in the Salad Bowl

Salads are Nature's beauty foods. They help to put roses in your cheeks, clear your skin, give you bright eyes and glossy hair. And what more pleasant way to health and beauty than a salad a day? You can have plenty of variety, for all green vegetables and young root vegetables are at home in the salad bowl — in fact, most of them are richer in health-giving vitamins than the conventional lettuce. Below are some suggestions to set you experimenting with your own delicious combinations of salad ingredients.

SALAD HINTS

Salads should be well blended with dressing before serving. Shake vegetables dry in cloth or salad basket as dressing does not cling to wet ingredients. Shred cabbage with a sharp knife; tender leaves of lettuce or spinach with fingers. Grate or shred root vegetables. Line bowl with lettuce leaves, mix main ingredients with dressing, place in bowl, add garnishing.

SUMMER SALAD

1 lettuce, 1 breakfastcupful of shredded cabbage or spinach leaves, 1 breakfastcupful of cooked green peas, 1 breakfastcupful diced cooked potato and some mint sauce. Radishes for garnishing.

Line a bowl with lettuce leaves. Mix the cabbage or spinach, peas and potato with mint sauce used as salad dressing. Put into bowl, garnish with lettuce heart and radish roses. (Cut long-shaped radishes cross-ways two or three times with a small sharp knife, nearly to root end. Leave in cold water until the " petals " expand.)

A MAIN MEAL SALAD

8 oz. cooked fish, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg (fresh, or a reconstituted dried egg steamed in egg-cups), 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch of paprika pepper, pinch of black pepper, 1-1½ level teaspoons salt, 1 level tablespoon chopped spring onion, 2 level tablespoons salad dressing, 1 lettuce, 1 bunch of watercress, ¼ pint cooked peas.

Mix well together the fish, egg, parsley, seasoning and onion with the salad dressing. Divide mixture into four mounds and arrange on bed of lettuce. Decorate with watercress, peas and parsley.

SOME SALAD DRESSINGS

SALAD DRESSING : *2 level tablespoons flour, 1 level tablespoon dried egg (dry), 1 level teaspoon mustard, 1 level teaspoon sugar, 1 level teaspoon salt, pepper, ½ pint milk or vegetable water, 1 oz. margarine, 4 tablespoons vinegar.*

Mix flour, egg, mustard, sugar, salt and pepper to a smooth paste with a little of the liquid. Boil remaining liquid, pour on to the blended flour, return to pan and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. Boil gently for 5 minutes. Remove from the heat and add margarine. Mix well and add vinegar.

THIN SALAD DRESSING : This is very good to use when you cannot get oil. *½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, pinch of pepper, 2 tablespoons top of milk, 1 tablespoon vinegar.*

Mix the seasoning together and mix in the milk gradually. When quite smooth, add the vinegar and stir well. Use same day.

FOR THE CHILDREN : A delicious salad dressing, which children especially will love, is to blend 2 tablespoons top of milk with 2 level teaspoons sugar, pinch of salt, and a pinch of pepper. Gradually stir in 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

(C14)

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD